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The Outlook

Volume 143 August 25, 1926 Number 17

In Mexico

NATURALLY, the news reports relating to the contest in Mexico between Church and State are colored by their sources, and the more sensational statements will require confirmation.

Among these reports the most sensational is that describing the death of five priests before a firing squad of troops at Hacienda La Gua Yaba, in the State of Michoacan. The charge, as stated, was that they had incited their parishioners to revolt. They denied the charge; if evidence was produced and sifted, the fact is not mentioned. Other reports from the same State say that there was a fight between insurgents and soldiers and that over fifty insurgents were killed in battle or executed. Violent clashes on a small scale took place also near Mexico City; but there has been no large-scale insurrection.

A singular incident of the Mexican situation was the seizure, as reported in Associated Press despatches, by United States authorities on our side of the border not far from San Diego, California, of Enrique Estrada, formerly Secretary of War for Mexico, and 174 men with ammunition and equipment. They were obviously intending to make an anti-Government raid and start an insurrection, but in whose interest does not appear.

American teachers, ministers, and business men in Mexico have acted with fairness and with acceptance of Mexican authority. The group of over thirty American social workers and teachers who were studying Mexican affairs, with view to a better understanding between Mexico and the United States, have returned home strong in the conviction that non-interference and good will should be our policy.

As to non-interference, it is interesting to note that the President and Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor (William Green and Matthew Woll) have issued statements deprecating interference or partisanship, and particularly reprehending the proposal to remove our embargo against shipping arms into Mexico. Mr. Woll says:

> American labor in its organized capacity is not concerned with religion. It assures all freedom of conscience and freedom of religion. It cannot understand the manifest opposition in Mexico between labor and Church.
>
> It is still more difficult for American labor to understand the peremptory methods adopted to give enforcement to Mexican constitutional provisions.

The President and the Secretary of State have not been swept from their footing by demands for intervention. They are reported to consider the struggle between Church and State in Mexico as involving so far only domestic issues. The American Ambassador, Mr. Sheffield, is returning to this country for conference with President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg, and any official utterance will doubtless be postponed until after that conference.

Latin Europe and Latin America

MUSSOLINI and Primo di Rivera, the Fascist dictators of Italy and Spain, have concluded a long-discussed treaty of amity and arbitration which is being characterized—not only in their own countries, but in the rest of Europe—as a most significant diplomatic event. First proposed during the visit of King Alfonso and General di Rivera to Rome in 1923, the accord is said in Rome and Madrid to refer primarily to the mutual interests of Italy and Spain in the Mediterranean and in North Africa. This explanation has been borne out to some extent by an immediate move by Spain to get her area of control in Morocco enlarged to include the neutral zone of Tangier. The United States is concerned in the international administration of this port at the entrance to the Mediterranean as well as the European Powers. But American attention to the new Italian-Spanish treaty will be devoted much more to its effect on Latin-American relations and the application of the Monroe Doctrine.

The Italian semi-official press has been quick to point out that Italy and Spain are united in national interests concerned with South America. There, says the "Giornale d'Italia," is "a young civilization with a happy union of the Spanish and Italian languages, brains, and muscle." Speaking of "a growing resistance" to the diplomatic and commercial policies of the United States in South America, the same paper continues: "The new Italian régime, which absolutely respects the autonomy and sovereignty, even spiritual, of South American republics, better understands the value and friendship of South America, where there are so many large and flourishing colonies of Italians." Italy's interest in the South American policy of Spain is emphasized by the "Tribuna," which remarks: "Spain and Italy must get closer together, so that their joint efforts may be fruitful in a territory which has a Latin tradition."

It is well known that Italy was much disturbed by the passage of our immigration restriction law of 1924. It is not so widely known that the Italian Crown Prince afterward went on a royal tour of South American countries, or that Italy sent a cruiser fitted up as a floating trade exposition with exhibits of Italian crafts and industries to visit South American ports. Italian emigrants used to go in greater numbers to South America than to North America before the great rush to the United States in the early years of this century. Since the establishment of our new immigration policy the stream of Italian emigration has again directed itself toward South America.

Spain's interest in the culture and commerce of what her statesmen like to call Hispanic America is long established. Future developments in a combined Italian-Spanish policy toward South America will call for the closest study and the most intelligent understanding of which the United States is capable.

Party Reform in Japan

BARON GOTO, once Minister of Transportation in Japan and Mayor of Tokyo, has begun an interesting political movement in his country for the purpose

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of curing political corruption. He is not going to establish a new party, but his organization, called the Fusen-Junhikai, will exert its influence within the existing bodies. Baron Goto, after an extended tour of the country, "was astonished to learn that the young men of the Empire are practically digging the graves of the leaders of the present political parties," and are "offended at the wide spread of corruption in high places." He recites that "the political world has become noticeably worse." With this premise, he calls upon the people to do their duty with the ballot through the instrumentality of his association, which will aim to keep them fully informed, in the hope that the parties will then be forced to cleanse themselves from within.

The Orientals are apt to do things in the reverse order from ourselves. Here a new party is the oft-tried and never effective remedy. Baron Goto's device may accomplish its purpose. The recent revelations in Illinois and Pennsylvania point to the need of a similar effort at party purging in the United States.

Borah and "the Tiger"

SAFE in the isolation of Idaho, Senator Borah took it upon himself to spare President Coolidge the trouble of answering the appeal of Clemenceau, war Premier of France, for a softening of the terms for payment of the war debt. The Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations suggested that if the Allies want to cancel their debts they should cancel reparations from Germany as well.

Cable despatches based on inquiries in Paris and London immediately indicated that such a proposal might be well received in England and France. Further, Philippe Bunau-Varilla, the French engineer of Panama Canal fame, who is also a politician of influence and proprietor of the Paris newspaper "Le Matin," has advanced the idea publicly. In an open letter in the "Figaro," he has suggested that all international war commitments be canceled excepting the German railroad and industrial bonds provided in the Dawes Plan to guarantee German reparation payments. Receipts from the sale of these bonds, which amount in combined value to about $4,000,000,000, would go to the Allies in the proportion arranged for the receipt of reparation payments. It is even conceded that France's receipts might go to the United States if our Administration would agree to a general wiping out of war debts.

Another French publicist, Jacques Bardoux, has urged in the conservative "Avenir" that Premier Poincaré go to Geneva to the Assembly of the League of Nations in September, ask its aid in a revision of war debts, and offer to cancel them all except the German bonds and to give these to the United States. The "Avenir," it should be noted, represents the political organization which supports Premier Poincaré and the Nationalists in the French Parliament.

So Borah has stirred up discussion of a scheme which certainly would work out very much to the advantage of the Allies and Germany. What it amounts to is that the Allies would be clear both of war obligations and of the problem of enforcing the reparations program. And if the German bonds should be handed over to the United States as part settlement of the war debts, then America alone would be concerned in what would be left of the Dawes Plan—interest and principal payments on the bonds by Germany.

The whole affair is unlikely to amount to more than talk on both sides. President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg have indicated that the debt agreements are a closed affair so far as the Administration is concerned. Certainly so simple a scheme as leaving the people of the United States to pay off the Liberty Loans through taxes, with no hope of reimbursement except for what they might get from German bonds, would call for a good deal more than the recommendation of the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

Credit and Hoarded Gold

THE French Parliament has adjourned without action on the debt agreement concluded by Ambassador Bérenger in Washington. Premier Poincaré thus is given a respite until October in which to formulate his final policy with regard to the debt. Meanwhile he has succeeded in inducing both chambers of the Parliament, meeting together in National Assembly, to incorporate in the Constitution of the Republic his measure establishing a sinking fund to pay off internal obligations as they fall due. This step, making the guaranty of Government bonds part of the organic law of the country, undoubtedly will go far to restore confidence in national securities. It will aid the Ministry in any plans for financing expenditures and meeting immediate bond payments by raising funds within France.

The thrifty peasants and small tradesmen, it is estimated, still have large sums in gold hoarded and safely hidden away. Figures published in "l'Intransigeant" show that about 6,000,000,000 francs in gold disappeared from circulation in 1914. Between 1915 and 1918 about 2,500,000,000 francs were produced and subscribed to war loans in response to national appeals. Gold movements have indicated that about 1,500,000,000 francs more have been collected by private individuals and exported or melted into ingots, leaving about 2,000,000,000 francs still hidden. To this must be added some 500,000,000 francs in silver coins. Thus the total amount which the French people are believed to have stowed away would be about $500,000,000.

If such a reserve could be made available and added to the reserves of the Bank of France through new internal loans, it would go far toward safeguarding and stabilizing the currency. In his plans for a national sinking fund and for redeeming the depreciated French franc it may be assumed that some such scheme is in the mind of Premier Poincaré. He knows, as well as any one, that France is not "broke," but that the French hoarders are cautious and can only conscious of some of the advantages of seeming hard up.

"With All Modern Conveniences"

ARCHÆOLOGISTS have been reporting so rapidly the unearthing of temples and tombs that readers are becoming a little *blasé* about ancient news. So the preliminary reports the other day of a Swedish discovery on the Greek Peloponnesus of a royal tomb perhaps thirty-five hundred years old, of pieces of gold, and of materials throwing light on life in Greece nearly five thousand years ago, perhaps awakened less popular interest than it deserved.

But modern house-hunters will be glad to hear that in the dwelling section of this ancient city were found the remains of a Roman bath, with marble-lined

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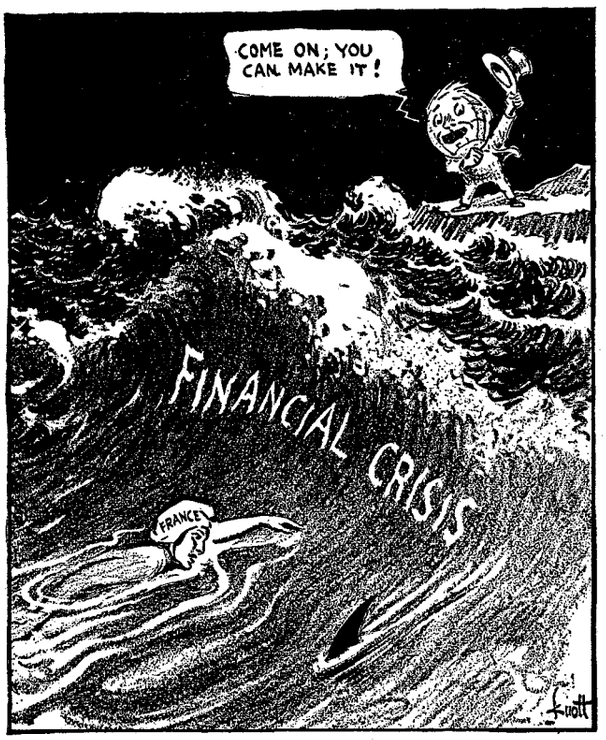
Danger and Disobedience

(1 Henry IV, Act I, Scene 3)

Knott in the Dallas News



Swimming the channel

Brown in the Springfield (Mass.) Daily Republican

Copyright, 1926, New York Tribune Inc.

Not satisfied with just sitting on one

From Miriam Caldwell, Springfield, Mass.

Sykes in the Portland (Maine) Evening Express

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"—And whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise"

From Mildred P. Stowell, Freeport, Maine

Cargill in the Paterson (N. J.) Morning Call

Chicago, C(r)ook County, Illinois

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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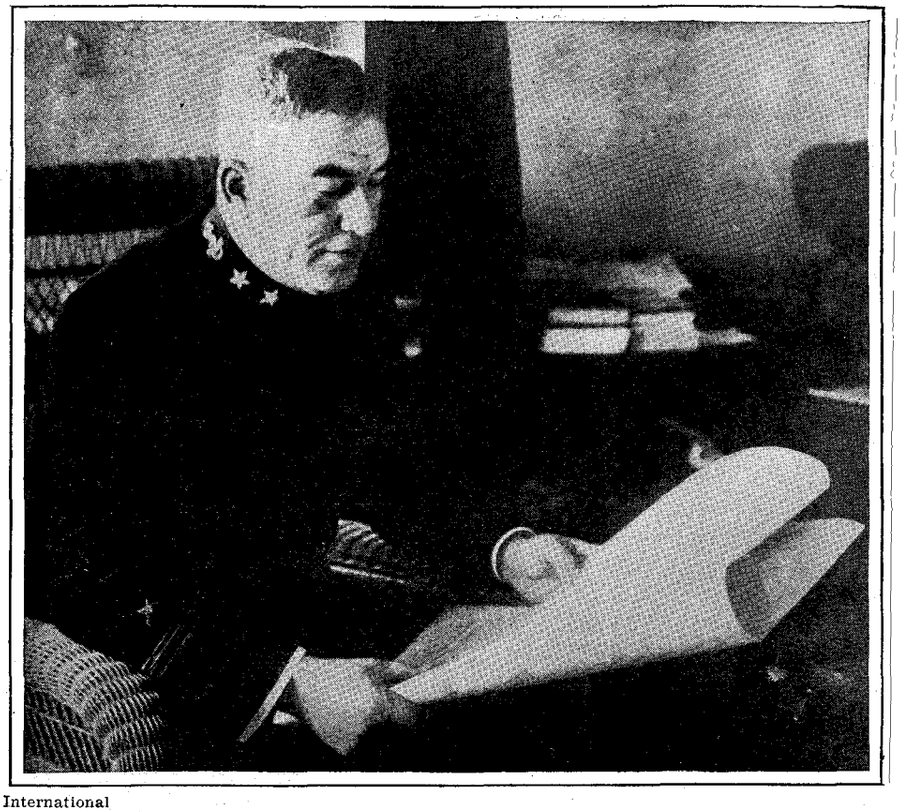
tubs for hot and cold water. Some of the underground plumbing, says Dr. Frodin, leader of the expedition, is in such good condition that it could be used to-day. The old Greeks apparently could "plumb" as well as they could fight.

A Naval Strategist Complains

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM L. RODGERS, speaking at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, paid British diplomacy a very high compliment. He said that the Washington Armament Conference of 1921 was called because Great Britain objected to the United States having a merchant fleet and navy bigger than her own, and that the whole result of the Conference was the destruction of American supremacy on the seas, the freedom of Britain to develop its navy by building cruisers, the release of Britain from the bonds of the Japanese alliance, and the preservation of Japan's strong position on the continent of Asia. Apparently Admiral Rodgers believes that Britain got the best and America the worst of the bargain.

That British diplomacy at the Washington Conference was very skillful no one can well deny. That the United States renounced her potential naval supremacy, a supremacy that no other nation could successfully contest, was obvious at the time. Whether the bargain made at Washington was a good bargain or not, the Americans who made it had their eyes open.

When our delegates to the Conference limited the future expansion of the United States Navy, they did it for at least two reasons. In the first place, they were convinced that the American people would never stand the cost of carrying on to its ultimate conclusion the naval race then under way. And, in the second place, they believed that the objective of a great navy, which is security from interference with national rights and interests, could be more cheaply attained by the establishment of new relations on the Pacific than by the competitive building of battleships.



International

Rear-Admiral William L. Rodgers

The Baltimore Arsenal

IN last week's issue we published a telegram from Acting Secretary of War Hanford MacNider in which he said that explosive charges are not being removed from shells in the arsenal near Baltimore, but that "such action is now under consideration by a board of officers." Acting Secretary MacNider sent us this word in response to a telegram from The Outlook asking him to confirm or deny a despatch that appeared in the New York "Times," and also to let us know whether or not the shells in the Curtis Bay arsenal were fuzed or unfuzed. The report in the "Times" stated that work had been begun on the removal of explosive charges from large-caliber ammunition in the Curtis Bay arsenal.

The day after the last issue of The Outlook went to press we received another telegram from Secretary MacNider, which we print here in full:

> Supplementing yesterday's wire, which did not completely answer your question, there are no fuzes in large shells stored at Curtis Bay depot. Our ordnance experts do not consider that situation comparable to Lake Denmark, nor do we believe situation dangerous to Baltimore. However, every precaution is being taken to insure safety and matter is being given the personal attention of the Chief of Ordnance and this office.

In commenting upon The Outlook's request for information concerning the storage of shells at Lake Denmark, the "Army and Navy Journal" says: "The Navy stores fuzed projectiles only with fuzes that are so insensitive that they must penetrate the thickest armor before functioning. Fuzes which function when coming into contact with lighter structures, such as the cloth fabric of an airplane wing, are too sensitive to be handled in projectiles and are kept out until the projectiles are ready for use.

"The Navy has always followed the policy of leaving fuzes in armor-piercing projectiles, since these are safe. The Denmark disaster proved this, as the explosion of projectiles was caused by the heat of the fire, 'low-order detonation.'

"The Navy Board of Inquiry verified it when they stated in the findings, 'That there is no evidence of loaded or fuzed projectiles exploding with high-order detonation.' "

The "Army and Navy Journal" states that the article which appeared in our issue of August 4 has been called misleading, and that "the chief fallacy in the article, experts assert, is the apparent assumption that there is only one kind of fuze for projectiles and that it will function easily."

Certainly The Outlook has been aware of the fact that there are different kinds of fuzes and that some are more sensitive than others. The Outlook has merely sought to discover whether or not fuzed shells were more likely to explode by shock or heat than unfuzed shells. As the buildings in which the loaded projectiles were stored at Lake Denmark have

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disappeared off the face of the earth, there still seems to us to be some questions unanswered, even though the Navy Board of Inquiry states, as The Outlook reported last week, "That there is no evidence of loaded or fuzed projectiles exploding with high-order detonation."

Mediation vs. Strikes

THE first test of the practical value of the new United States Railway Board of Mediation has just been going on in New York City. The matter before the Board is a demand for wage increases made by the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and the Order of Railway Conductors for their members employed by six large railway systems—the Pennsylvania, Boston and Maine, Baltimore and Ohio, New York Central, Reading, and Nickel Plate lines. The increases asked are, on the average, about twenty-five per cent over the old rates. The proposal has been discussed between the unions and the roads; but no agreement has been reached, as the managers of the roads held that, while there has been an improvement in railway earnings since 1921, when the wages were last fixed, the time has not come when wage increase is justifiable.

The industrial method of mediation thus first put into operation is essentially an extension of bargaining and conciliation rather than of decision—the Board is not to be a medium of compulsory arbitration.

In a formal statement the Chairman, the Hon. Samuel E. Winslow, of Massachusetts, pointed out that it is the primary duty and function of the Board of Mediation in all its work to assist the parties in a dispute to an amicable agreement among themselves. If no agreement is reached, President Coolidge may appoint an emergency commission as a fact-finding body. Very properly, Mr. Winslow therefore asked for the hearty co-operation of both parties in "mutually agreeable adjustment" and reminded them that good faith and honest effort toward a common understanding are essential to progress in all effort toward stable and orderly conditions of industry.

Northwestern University

GENEROUS gifts and wise benefactions have started Northwestern University on the road to the possession of a group of buildings noteworthy both for design and location. It is not often that a great university has an opportunity to develop so ample a piece of territory in the heart of a modern city.

When the group of buildings designed by James Gamble Rogers is completed on the Lake Shore Drive, it will constitute one of Chicago's most striking adornments. The students and graduates of Northwestern University are to be congratulated upon the plan that has been selected for their University and the prospects for its early fulfillment. Chicago is to be congratulated upon this notable addition to its clinical and educational facilities.

Tia Juana and Its Sequel

ONE day last February, Thomas Peteet, with his wife and two daughters, drove over from San Diego, California, to Tia Juana, in Mexico. Tia Juana is a town of horse-racing, saloons, dance-halls, and more questionable attractions. It was a doubtful place for any man to take his women folk. Thomas Peteet, moreover, was bent on something more than mere superficial sightseeing. He and his family visited saloons and dance-halls, drank, and entered whole-heartedly into the nightly orgy of the town.

A day or two later, in the Peteet home, in San Diego, all four members of the family were found dead, with a statement by the father to the effect that his daughters had been outraged in Tia Juana, that the shame was more than they could bear.

The incident created a tremendous stir at the time. The border was ordered closed early each evening. The Mexican authorities made great show of a drastic investigation and cleaning up. The four men accused by the Peteet sisters, including the Chief of Police of Tia Juana, were arrested and charged with crime. Feeling everywhere ran high. Tia Juana and its sordid tragedy occupied a place on the front pages of daily papers. Within a few weeks, however, the talk died down and the matter was forgotten.

The other day came the sequel. The four accused men came up for trial in Tia Juana, and, after two days devoted largely to evidence calculated to show that the whole Peteet family had been very far from being all that it should have been, the four men were acquitted, without a stain on their characters, and were conducted through the city in triumph by their numerous following in the underworld.

No doubt Peteet and his wife were greatly to blame, and the daughters, both of whom were over age, cannot be held blameless. Nevertheless it is hard to believe that a family of such utterly loose morality as was alleged by the so-called evidence of the trial would have resorted to such terrible measures as the result of the experience which they are said to have undergone at Tia Juana.

The great question which arises out of the sordid tragedy is Tia Juana itself, which exists almost entirely for Americans and because of Americans. The Federal authorities have practically limitless power in regulating border communications. Tia Juana probably will not reform from within. Americans could reform it from without—by staying away from it.

Enter the Airwayman

FROM Modesto, in California, writes our Pacific coast correspondent, comes the news that three bandits who robbed the First National Bank at Crow's Landing, near that city, effected their escape by airplane. It appears that shortly after the robbers fled from the bank with $2,500, leaving two bank officials locked in the vault, a strange airplane was seen rising from a field near the town, heading northward, and the sheriff's officials, having eliminated virtually every other manner in which the bandits could have escaped, came to the conclusion that Crow's Landing was destined to go down to history as the scene of the first airway robbery.

The method of the bandits, as reconstructed by the sheriff, was simple enough. After leaving the bank, with its officials safely housed in the vault, the trio are supposed to have ridden in an automobile to the field in which the airplane was standing, thence by air to a point sufficiently distant to give them a great advantage in case of pursuit, and thence, by automobile again, to an unknown destination. How far this represents what actually happened remains to be proved, but there seems to be little doubt that the bandits made their "getaway" from Crow's Landing by the airway, rather than the highway. And so, once again, "other times, other manners." The terror by night is already largely out of date. The anxiety of the

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Senator Atlee Pomerene

hour is really the automobile that runs or the airplane that flies by day.

Ohio's Helmet a Hive for Bees

OHIO is too full of Presidential bees for its own comfort. Two candidates it could comfortably contain, as it usually does, but this time it has three, not particularly active as yet, but potential. Speaker Longworth is not confronted with a native-son competitor, but on the Democratic side of the fence two native and highly favored sons became possible contenders for the Presidential nomination with the results of the recent primary. They are Atlee Pomerene and A. Victor Donahey, the latter a candidate for re-election as Governor.

Pomerene was nominated for United States Senator in opposition to Senator Frank B. Willis, who won the Republican nomination. Willis is a dry, high in the favor of the Anti-Saloon League. Pomerene is proclaimed a wet, though his wet record appears to consist wholly in opposition, when he was a member of the United States Senate, to submitting the Prohibition Amendment to the States. In his recent campaign he left prohibition entirely aside, as not constituting an issue. None the less many politically minded wets look upon him as representing their views, and, if he should succeed in defeating Willis, political observers believe that much of the strength now behind Governor Smith, of New York, would be switched to Pomerene, at least when the compromising stage arrives.

While Pomerene's chances of election to the Senate are said to be good, there are many things in the way. Organized labor has never been friendly to him. Many of those who in the primary supported his opponent, Judge Florence E. Allen, resent what they regard as outside interference in putting Pomerene forward as a candidate for Senator merely by way of qualifying him as a candidate for President. Finally, there is the wet-dry issue and the potentiality of Donahey as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

Governor Donahey is a dry. He and Pomerene are necessarily making common cause so far as the State election this fall is concerned, but it is by no means sure that all of Donahey's dry friends will help in promoting the wet candidacy of Pomerene.

On the other hand, the Republicans have even more trouble within their own household. The old quarrel between what is left of the Harding organization and the newer and now dominant one was stirred up anew in the recent primary. Both Senator Willis and Myers Y. Cooper, the Republican nominee for Governor, are likely to have difficulty in commanding a united party.

An Opportunity for Illinois

POSSIBLY Illinois has found the way to avoid the consequences of its Senatorial primary scandal. A bench of three circuit judges, sitting at Dixon, has declared unconstitutional the primary law under which both Colonel Smith, the Republican candidate, and "Boss" Brennan, the Democratic candidate, were nominated. The decision, of course, does not become final until the question has been passed upon by the State Supreme Court, and, if the regular court

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Governor A. Victor Donahey

calendar is followed, that may not be until after the November election. The question can be brought before the Supreme Court, however, in special pleadings involving the right of Smith and Brennan to have their names on the official ballot. In such proceedings the decision of the lower court would hold until reversed by the higher. The Supreme Court, therefore, may be forced by circumstances to make a decision sooner than would be expected if the election were not so near at hand.

If the decision stands, the duty of making nominations in some other way will devolve upon the Republican and Democratic State organizations. Nominations might be made in convention or if there is not time for that, by the Executive Committees of the two parties, or even by petition. The provisions of very old laws would become operative. The law now declared unconstitutional

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was enacted in 1910. Three prior laws, the earliest going back to 1905, had been declared unconstitutional. At the next session of the Legislature another law governing the making of nominations will probably be passed.

Illinois may thus have the opportunity of becoming the pioneer among the States in establishing a better system for making nominations than the present generally established primary system; better, also, than the old convention system. It will probably be necessary, in any new system, to combine features of both the old ones. The Outlook has long believed that the party primary should be the court of last resort instead of the court of first instance; that nominations should be made in convention, with provision for a referendum if the convention were to ignore the will of the party or if corruption were to become evident. The primary should be the gun behind the door, not to be used except in defense of integrity.

There are, of course, difficulties in the way of establishing such a system, but quite clearly there is to-day widespread dissatisfaction with the primary system in operation, and Illinois might well atone for her sins, in so far as possible, by blazing a safer way.

"The People's Drink"

THE wet press, or a portion of it, recently has branded the United States Government as a deliberate plotter of wholesale murder and General Lincoln C. Andrews as the most diabolical of the Borgias. He is doing his best to "poison the people's drink" with some subtle, irremovable drug, they say. "The people's drink" referred to is denatured alcohol, which always has been poisoned. The poisoning started in 1906, when denatured alcohol was made tax free as an aid to industry. It never has been a potable liquor, but always a poisonous liquid designed for special uses in industry and the arts. The Prohibition Unit candidly says that it is seeking denaturants that will be more difficult for bootleggers to remove; but these can hardly be more deadly than the denaturants that have been used for twenty years.

Three years ago Roy A. Haynes wrote and Doubleday, Page & Company published a book bearing the title "Prohibition Inside Out." Mr. Haynes was at that time head of the Prohibition Unit, and his information as to denaturants came directly and officially from the Government chemists employed in denaturing industrial alcohol. Mr. Haynes said that alcohol was at that time denatured by seventy-six formulas, but that three-fourths of it was denatured by six

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Lincoln C. Andrews

of these formulas. He listed the substances used in combination in those six as wood alcohol, benzine, pyridine, kerosene, ether, gasoline, nitrobenzine, and orthonitrotuene.

This ought to make the fact apparent to any one that denatured alcohol never was a potable liquor, never an entirely wholesome and exhilarating drink. Even the comparatively small quantity specially denatured for particular purposes contained such pleasant-tasting substances as sulphuric acid, iodine, green soap, and concentrated extract of tobacco. Every smoker who has ever swallowed a mouthful of juice from his pipe stem knows that the last named, probably the least harmful of the lot, is not only unpalatable but actually poisonous.

Certainly General Andrews, as head of the Prohibition Unit, is trying to poison "the people's drink"—if denatured alcohol can be at all considered a drink—just as effectively as it is possible for the science of chemistry to do it. That is what he and his predecessors have been trying to do for twenty years. It is not only his right, but his duty, to do, if possible, a better job than has yet been done. The man who dies from drinking bootleg booze concocted from denatured alcohol is not murdered by the Government. He commits suicide; with the man who sold him the denatured alcohol as a drink guilty of murder as an accessory before the fact.

A Volunteer Trustee

CHARLES CHAUNCEY STILLMAN, who died last week at sea after an emergency operation, was an American who regarded himself as trustee of his own wealth. He found enjoyment in the use of it for beneficent ends. A graduate of Harvard, he has made a lasting impression upon that University by his provision for its physical future and for its intellectual and spiritual influence. He wisely saw the opportunity for the development of the University toward the Charles River, and secured the needed land for that development. And in memory of Charles Eliot Norton, to whom he felt great indebtedness for his acquaintance with Dante, he established at Harvard a chair of poetry. This, we believe, is the first chair devoted exclusively to poetry established in any university. Its first incumbent, who is to begin his service this fall, is the famous English translator of the Greek classics, Professor Gilbert Murray. In thus administering his own wealth Mr. Stillman has impressed upon his University his own personality, for in his gifts he gave of himself. By many he will be remembered as perhaps the chief spirit in the revival of the Morgan horse. He was, above all, a friend to his neighbors and a neighbor to his friends.

Amateur and Professional Crime

WE are all potential criminals. It is not lack of inherent capacity for crime, but the restraint of conscience or of society that saves the normal man usually from the commission of crime under terrible provocation. Among the greatest tragedies in history and literature are tragedies of crime. What makes them tragedies is the fact that the criminal in each case is subject to like passions as we are. David, Brutus, Othello, were murderers not because they were weaklings but because they were men of character who were also men of exceptional force and

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energy. What they did might conceivably be done by some member of any family. It is not so likely to happen as it was in David's time, not quite so likely to happen as it was in Brutus's or Othello's, for the restraints of law and convention are stronger. Crime of this kind, however, can never be wholly prevented by law or custom. There are passions that can break over all bounds. What the law does for such potential criminals is to multiply and strengthen their natural inhibitions, and thus reinforce their self-restraint.

But there are criminals of another kind. Such a one was put to death the other day in a Maryland prison. This man made a business of crime. He was not driven to crime by any passion or by the sense of necessity. He was of a family in moderate circumstances and with a home like that of thousands and thousands of other Americans. He was of a gang of boys lawlessly disposed. He stole from the school he attended, and even from the Sunday school. He was early arrested for his thievery. He went to an industrial school, and then enlisted in the Navy. While in the Navy he was convicted of stealing, sentenced to imprisonment in the Naval prison, and then dishonorably discharged. He was later sentenced for robbery to the New York State Reformatory at Elmira. After his release he organized a gang in Baltimore, was caught, convicted, and sentenced to five years in the State Penitentiary of Maryland. Becoming a model prisoner by obeying the prison rules, he was paroled after serving three-fifths of his sentence. He was scarcely out when he organized another gang, held up a saloon-keeper, and was sentenced again to the Maryland Penitentiary—this time for fifteen years. In less than a month he killed his guard and escaped. Before he was captured again he committed robberies and murder. Captured and tried in New York, he got a respite because the jury disagreed; but tried in Maryland for the murder of the prison guard, in spite of appeals on technicalities, he paid for his crime with his life. In such a story there is nothing of David or Brutus or Othello.

To-day in America society is in danger, not from the amateur criminal, the kind of criminal that any one can conceive of himself as becoming under great stress, but from the criminal who pursues crime for the sport or the business of it.

Why do we Americans fail so obviously in our treatment of the professional criminals? Judge Sheppard, of Pensacola, Florida, is reported by the New York "World" as saying to the Federal grand jury in Brooklyn that "it is because there are courts that have not done their duty that we now have more disrespect for law, not only in New York, but throughout the Nation." When judges and lawyers themselves recognize that our courts are bound by technicalities and are subject to pleas for the mitigation of the sentences of criminals not on the ground of equity but on the ground of sentiment, that our judges are circumscribed and limited so that they cannot exercise discretion as English judges can, and that it is in the law's delays that the habitual criminal finds too often a refuge, there is abundant reason for the layman to demand that lawyers find a remedy.

It is not, however, only before he is convicted that the criminal finds escape comparatively easy, but afterwards. Authorities at Sing Sing Prison, in New York, report that in the year ending June 30 of the forty-two men sent to Sing Sing to pay the penalty for murder only two have been executed. Twenty-four escaped death by sentences reducible to fifteen years, and of the rest one had his death sentence commuted to life imprisonment and the remaining fifteen are profiting by court motions and appeals for clemency. In most cases when a convicted murderer escapes it is because he has pleaded guilty and is rewarded with his life for saving the State trouble in convicting him. This, as the special despatch in the "Herald Tribune" in which these figures are given says, is known in the underworld as "copping a plea." The professional criminal is thus able to discount the risks of his trade.

If the machinery of justice works badly, it is not wholly due to the design of the machinery itself. It is due in large part to the failure of good citizens to recognize the danger which society runs from the criminal by profession. The so-called "cry-baby bandits" whose trial was interrupted because a juror could not stand the emotional strain of hearing the criminals tell how they had been maltreated by the police are not the only lawless ruffians who have found sentimentalism an ally to the criminal profession.

Are we going to try to find a cure in the methods of the vigilance committee? It sometimes appears so when we see on the streets of New York cars incased in armor and armed guards. It appears so when a bank in Nashville, Tennessee, offers a reward for the capture of robbers who killed the bank's bookkeeper, and offers twice as much a reward for their capture dead as for their capture alive. It appears so when in certain communities some citizens are ceasing to rely upon the State and are training themselves for direct action in dealing with the criminal.

That it is not merely the hazards of death that the criminal fears is indicated by the report from the Chicago bureau of the New York "World" that in four years there have been killed in that city three hundred and sixty gangsters. Of these, one hundred and sixty have been killed by the police and two hundred have been killed in gang quarrels and feuds. Yet the gangs seem to flourish. When the gangs kill more of their own number than the police kill and a great many times more than are ever executed by the law, the remedy does not seem to lie in mere severity.

Investigations of the reasons for crime with a view to finding measures to suppress and eradicate it have been undertaken in several quarters. None is more promising than that to be made by the Harvard Law School. If the law and the courts are chiefly at fault, no one is better qualified to discover the fault and apply the remedy than the legal expert; and there are no legal experts better qualified than those of the Harvard Law School. Yet we doubt whether mere legal remedies will suffice. We cannot ultimately find a cure for any ill in this self-governing country without the aid of public opinion. When the American people really want crime suppressed, it will be.

How Far Is Mexico's Business Ours?

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York "Herald Tribune," Reed Hayes, writing from San Antonio, Texas, quotes a "high American" as saying that "the American Government . . . never can accede to the widespread enforcement of Communistic documents by a next-door neighbor."

Early in the nineteenth century the

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International

A Mexican Labor Leader in Action

Federico Gutierrez is shown making a street speech in support of President Calles's Church policy

Holy Alliance undertook to suppress in its neighbors what it regarded as the dangerous doctrines of democracy. The members of the Holy Alliance were not content with keeping democracy down within their own borders. If the Czar of Russia wished to prevent the Russian people from becoming democratic, he had at least the sanction of authority as ruler of the Russians to do what he could to preserve autocracy. Undoubtedly there were high motives as well as motives of self-interest that actuated him in his desire to see the evils that he feared for Russia averted also from other countries; but he and his allies only hastened their own ruin by their effort to work their will upon peoples of other countries.

We do not believe that Communism in the twentieth century is going to repeat the triumph of democracy in the nineteenth; but countries which wish to try the experiment of Communism within their own borders have the right to try it without interference from their neighbors. Already Russia's experience has proved a warning by which other nations have already somewhat profited. If Mexico wishes to learn by her own experience rather than by Russia's, that is her business, not ours.

What is our business is that Mexico as a nation should maintain good faith in her relations with us. If she wishes to enact retroactive laws that concern only her own people, we have no right to interfere; but we have a right to protest if by retroactive laws she attempts to nullify agreements with us. In her attempts to solve her problems, whether they are problems of the land or problems of ecclesiastical power, her freedom from interference ends only when she interferes with the rights of others.

It is uncomfortable to have as a neighbor a country in the turmoil of struggles through which our ancestors had to pass generations ago but from which we in the United States are now free. It is uncomfortable for the twentieth century to live alongside the sixteenth. It is uncomfortable for a country that has separated Church and State to live next door to a country where State and Church are at war with each other. But we cannot find in our discomfort any more reason for interfering on this account than we can in the fact that all but a small percentage of Mexicans are illiterate.

It is also perhaps uncomfortable for Mexico to find that the obligations she has entered into with other countries act somewhat as a limit upon the freedom with which she can deal with her own problems. In solving her land problem she cannot ignore the rights to lands which she has enabled foreigners to acquire. She cannot by denouncing treaties wipe out also all the rights that have been acquired under them. If the twentieth century finds it uncomfortable to live along side the sixteenth, the sixteenth century may not always find it easy to live alongside the twentieth.

We cannot go back to the sixteenth century; but Mexico can perhaps catch up with the twentieth if the rest of the world gives her time.

The Negro's Neighbor

WE commend the article by Archibald Rutledge, at another place in this issue, to our readers, particularly to those of them who live in the North, and most particularly to those who live in those large cities of the North that have been catch-basins for the outflow of Negroes from the South during the past twelve years.

Mr. Rutledge tells something of the helpful friendship that exists and has always existed between white people and Negroes in the South. It may be that, in showing the practical workings of this friendship, he leaves something to be desired. We can conceive ways in which the friendship of the white man might enable the Negro to do more for himself than the one spoken of at length in the article succeeded in doing. But that is beside the point. The question that our Northern readers need to ask themselves when they have read Mr. Rutledge's article is this: "Are we proving ourselves as good friends to the Negroes who are now our neighbors as the white people of the South have been to their Negro neighbors?"

For the Negro is very genuinely today the neighbor of the white man—and

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the white woman—of the Northern cities. In very large measure the Negro problem has ceased to be a Southern problem. In its most vexing phases it has been solved, not in all communities but in many, by two generations of friendly living side by side since emancipation. The Negro problem has become, in tremendously large measure, a Northern problem, and nothing substantial has as yet been done toward its solution. The existence of the problem, indeed, has hardly been realized by the white people of these cities. Perhaps in no single one of them has it gained general recognition as a community problem. It is, however, just that in all of the cities where great numbers of Negroes have come to find work and to make homes.

There are large Negro communities, grown up within a few years, in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, all of the large industrial cities of Ohio, and elsewhere. The largest is in New York City, in the Harlem section of Manhattan Island. More than two hundred and fifty thousand Negroes are quartered in what is said to be the most congested section of any city on earth. Practically all of them have arrived in Harlem within the past fifteen years. They have come from all parts of our Southern States, from the West Indies, from other islands and countries to the south of the United States. A community isolated, segregated, set apart from the life of the city as a whole, it has in addition to the problems that confront any Negro community an intense alien problem. American Negroes, whatever else they may or may not be, are Americans. It is said that many of those who have come from the West Indies and elsewhere are not only not Americans but are not disposed to be Americanized according to the standard of the American Negro.

The Harlem community has a problem in Americanism to solve, and it admittedly lacks leadership for the solution. Indeed, it is not quite genuinely a community. It is a conglomeration. When Negroes, men and women, came from the South to find jobs in New York, they left their leaders behind—their preachers, their teachers, their wise old patriarchs of the common life. In a new environment, lacking the old stabilizing influences, not many have been able to pull themselves together in neighborhood kindliness, consideration, and co-operation.

The Negroes in this and other Northern colonies realize their problems, their needs, their dangers. Have they called for help to the "white folks" near them and not been heard? Perhaps not. Rarely does the Negro reveal his heart to strangers. But their cry has gone "back home." Fisk University, at Nashville, is sending out an appeal. Leaders, it says, must be trained for work in the Negro colonies of the North, a new kind of training for a work hitherto unknown.

They need that, those Negroes in the Northern city colonies. But, more than that, they need the friendliness of their white neighbors. Do those neighbors know how to be friendly with a Negro? The desire to uplift him for the sake of society and civilization will not suffice. Sympathy will not suffice. The one thing that will suffice is human friendliness.

The North has long educated the South, often when the South felt no particular need of education and was inclined to be either resentful or amused. Might the North not, for a while, go to school to its pupils? For the Negro problem in the Northern colonies is the white person's problem. The Negro colony is not isolated, really. If it goes far wrong, the whole city—even a city so large as New York—will feel the effects. Sensible selfishness bids the Northern city learn.

Besides, there is large reward in the tribute that the Negro pays to those who genuinely befriend him. One of the religious leaders in the Harlem colony recently told a member of The Outlook's editorial staff of having sent some of his co-workers South to secure aid for some things that need to be done. "They are working," he said, "with a group of white women, and they will succeed. Nobody else understands us quite as well as the Southern white women do. And those Negroes are safer in anything they undertake than if they were guarded by a regiment of United States regulars."

Can Northern white men and white women afford not to be genuine friends to the Negroes who have come to live beside them?

Books for Workers

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THERE is a remarkable industrial city in the State of Washington called Longview. It is only about three years old, but it is already thriving and prosperous, and is of peculiar interest to the student of the modern art of city planning because it has been laid out and developed on virgin soil in accordance with a carefully prepared design. One of its most attractive features is a beautiful public library. The librarian, Miss Helen Johns, has written me the following letter:

> In order to encourage good reading, some of the friends of this library have offered prizes to the winners of a contest in which the entrants agree to read eight volumes of history, biography, travel, drama, poetry, or fiction, and to write an essay on the books read or on the style of literature exemplified by the books read. The contest is open to children in the grades and high school, as well as to adults.
>
> The committee in charge of the contest wants to make a careful selection of titles to be read. Will you please help us by giving us the names of books which have proved especially stimulating to you?

This is a large order. One of the most complicated and cantankerous of indoor games is to make a list of the best books. Sir John Lubbock (later Lord Avebury), the famous English banker and naturalist, invented the game, I believe, by publishing many years ago a list of a hundred so-called best books. Various other experts have competed with him. Theodore Roosevelt entered the lists with his "Pigskin Library," which may be found in an appendix to his "African Game Trails." President Eliot, of Harvard, is also a competitor with his "Five-Foot Shelf." But, as there are no general rules for the game and it is manifestly impossible to create any, nobody can tell who is the victor. It is like a contest in "Alice in Wonderland," in which everybody runs as he pleases—forward, backward, or sideways. Voltaire has come nearer stating the general principles of the game than anybody else. One hundred and seventy years ago, in writing to a young lady who

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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asked his advice about reading, he said: "Read only such books as have long been sealed with the universal approval of the public and whose reputation is established. They are few. But you will gain much more from reading those few than from all the feeble little works with which we are inundated."

One of the charms of this game of book lists is that, like an open tournament in golf, anybody can enter it, whether he is a distinguished professional like President Eliot or an inexpert amateur like myself. So I shall venture to submit a list in response to Miss Johns's request. As her library serves a community of workers, my list, jotted down extemporaneously and without any consideration of the relation of the titles to one another, is made with the worker in mind. It constitutes a list of books which at least have entertained, interested, and encouraged one worker. The prime object of a list of books for a worker is not, I conceive, to give him a survey of literature, but to help him to understand how other men have dealt with and solved, or partly solved, the problems of life. The list:

Either "The Golden Treasury," or "The Oxford Book of English Verse." No work can be well done without imagination, and poetry is a food on which imagination thrives.

"Oxford Lectures on the Civil War," by James Ford Rhodes. A masterpiece in cameo form of American political, military, economic, and social history.

The famous third chapter of Macaulay's "History of England," which gives a vivid and picturesque survey of the conditions of the workers in the period of the great English Revolution of 1688, out of which the United States has got much of its own freedom.

"The Biography of Benvenuto Cellini," which tells how artisans lived in the old days of the Italian republics—a glorified period of artisanship, if there ever was one.

"The Reminiscences [*Mémoires et Récits*] of Frédéric Mistral," the great Provençal poet of France. All delightful stories of French folk-lore and French farm life.

"Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago," by Arthur Morrison. Complete in their details of the "submerged tenth" in London, but not without some cheering qualities.

"Personal Memoirs," by General Grant, which should be read, not merely because they are important military history, but because they are the self-revelation of a plain American who, without suspecting it, had a touch, and more than a touch of literary genius.

"The Bible in Spain," by George Borrow. One of the best books of travel in the English language and a literary classic; the book is not half so pious as its title sounds, and it is intensely human.

"My Prisons" (*Le mie prigioni*), by Silvio Pellico. If anybody thinks that the "Reds" in this country have suffered injustice in prison, he ought to read this record of a patriotic Italian revolutionary.

Theodore Roosevelt's "Letters to His Children." Modern literature does not contain a more beautiful picture of family and child life than these letters, which are sure to become an American classic.

"The Country of the Pointed Firs," by Sarah Orne Jewett, a too often forgotten literary artist of New England. This book is a series of detached stories of New England farm and village life, sometimes somber, sometimes cheerful, which I am inclined to think will have a place in our literature when Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" is forgotten.

The poems of Emily Dickinson, another New England genius of an extraordinary type, a pure product of America; her poems deserve a place alongside those of Walt Whitman.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the greatest book ever written by a workingman—a tinker.

The Lives of Pasteur, Dr. Trudeau, and Dr. Grenfell, three scientists who gave themselves to the cause of extricating their fellow-workers from the most agonizing problems of life, sickness, and death.

"The Siberian Exile System," by George Kennan. I wonder why people do not more often read this incomparable account of the despotism which was the direct cause of Bolshevism.

"The Memoirs of a Revolutionist," or perhaps "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," by Prince Peter Kropotkin, one of the most romantic as well as intelligent opponents of the now overthrown Romanoff industrial and political despotism.

"The Story of France," by the late "Tom" Watson, of Georgia, which contains a colorful but on the whole accurate picture of the French Revolution, written in what H. L. Mencken would call "the American language;" no Englishman could ever have written such a book, and therefore it may fairly be called a genuine product of American literature.

"Seven Great Statesmen," by Andrew D. White. The worker needs to know something about the various periods of history, and Dr. White makes history a very human thing; among the vivid pen portraits in this volume is one of Cavour, who liberated Italy, and therefore liberated the Italian worker.

Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Put Yourself in His Place." The first is a thrilling narrative of the life, adventures, dangers, and joys of the worker in Europe in mediæval times; the second describes the vices and the justifications of labor unions when they were first founded in England more than seventy-five years ago.

"Coniston," also "Mr. Crewe's Career," by the American Winston Churchill. Stories which go far to explain the popular hostility to the railroads—a hostility which still survives, although the railroads themselves have remedied the abuses that caused it.

If not Senator Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall," at least Magruder's one-volume life of that statesman, who literally gave to the United States permanency as a nation and without whose courage and determination as Chief Justice of the United States there would be no American workers to-day, because there would be no American Republic.

Thoreau's "Walden," which is not only a master work of English diction, but shows that happiness consists not in the possession of things but in an attitude of mind.

Either Lord Charnwood's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" or Rothschild's "Master of Men." The first by an Englishman, the second by an American Jew, give the best one-volume portraits I have read of the great patron saint of workers.

The foregoing will doubtless seem to experts to be a haphazard list; it is certainly made on no principle of classification. But the books it names will, I think, give the reader some pleasant hours as well as some comprehension of the problems of the worker from mediæval times to the present.

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Dodge Would Not Keep "Blood Money"

By CHARLES W. VICKREY

General Secretary, Near East Relief

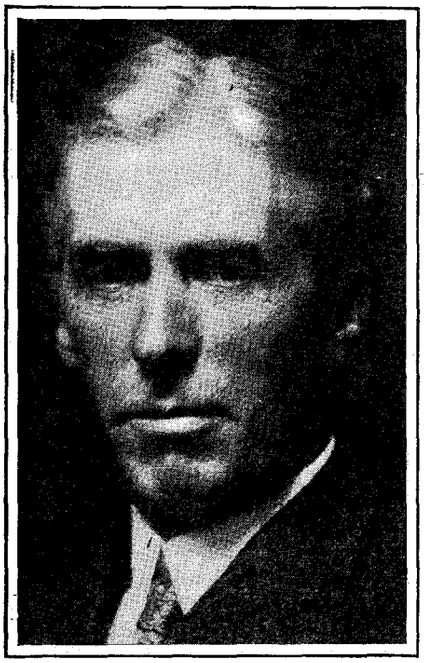
WHEN a philanthropist dies the world may find some slight compensation for its loss in the discovery of events in his career hitherto known only to close associates. The modesty which hedges about many of our most generous captains of industry was a marked characteristic of the late Cleveland H. Dodge. Few, if any, American business men gave more liberally than he to the enormous funds expended during and after the war by the Near East Relief, the American Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Salvation Army and kindred organizations, or played a more important part in their wise expenditure.

There probably would have been no such organization as Near East Relief had it not been for Mr. Dodge; and there certainly would have been no such rapid and far-reaching development of the organization had it not been for his inspiring leadership and financial generosity.

In 1919 a test came. The war had left practically the entire Armenian population exiled from their homelands, stranded in the impoverished, famine-stricken regions of southern Russia without food, clothing, or friends. They were, in the autumn of that year, dying of starvation at the rate of a thousand or more per day. A million lives were at stake. A minimum of $15,000,000 would be required to see them through the winter. Generous and unstinted as Mr. Dodge's provision for campaign and administrative expenses had been, $15,000,000 could not be raised in a few weeks or months without a larger campaign organization. No one dreamed of asking Mr. Dodge to do more than he was then doing. I, however, went to him to ask if he would object to my placing the situation before one or two other men with a view to asking them to supplement what he was doing toward campaign expenses.

"Don't speak to any one else just yet; let me think it over," was his reply. A few days later, in his office, he said: "Don't ask any one else for that additional campaign expense money. I'll provide the extra $100,000 or whatever else is necessary to see the thing through."

I thanked him, and said: "I, of course, know practically nothing of your business or financial resources, but I do know that you recently gave at one time $1,000,000 to the American Red Cross, that you are the Chairman and perhaps the largest contributor to the Young Men's Christian Association and to the United War Work Fund, that you are paying all of our campaign and administrative expenses, besides numerous other charities. We naturally marvel that you are both willing and able to do it."



The late Cleveland H. Dodge

"Vickrey," he replied, "when this awful war broke out I knew that we would all have to do our bit, and among other things I resolved that, whatever else happened, I would not allow myself and my estate to profit by it. Some people call us profiteers. We cannot help it. The Government needs copper. We have copper. The Government fixes the price on copper, we don't. We profit at the price fixed by the Government. But I have resolved that *not one red cent of this blood money shall stick to these fingers.*"

The first meeting on behalf of the subject races and war sufferers of the Near East was held in Mr. Dodge's office September 16, 1915. At that meeting he, with a small group of friends, pledged the first $60,000, which was cabled immediately for the relief of the orphans and refugees. Mr. Dodge was not only one of the organizers of the early Committee for Armenian and Syrian relief that later evolved into the corporation chartered by special act of Congress as Near East Relief, but for several years he paid all the campaign and administrative expenses, enabling the Committee to advertise that "one hundred cents of every dollar go for relief—none for expenses, which are met privately."

He was easily the largest contributor to Near East Relief and to the work of saving a million lives, educating tens of thousands of orphan children, and laying the foundation for a new Near East and a better world. But vastly more important than all his large gifts of money, he gave himself. It was his faith, sympathy, courage, inspiring personality, and leadership even more than his money that made Near East Relief and that for generations to come will continue to make a better world.

Some of us can never forget two experiences in the Executive Committee meetings of Near East Relief when the skies were dark. The Smyrna Disaster had thrown a million refugees out of Asia onto the shores of the Ægean Sea. Our relief workers had used reserve supplies to save life, and thousands of lives had been saved, but the treasury was empty. In fact, the balance-sheet showed a deficit. There were those of the Committee who felt that the American public was tired of giving and would not continue the support. Some favored early, rapid, though honorable liquidation of the orphanages of Near East Relief. A resolution was presented that called for the discontinuance within six months of the largest branch of our work, involving the welfare and future of 10,000 children. It seemed that the resolution would pass and America's helping hand would be withdrawn from these children on the assumption that the American people would not continue the necessary funds. Mr. Dodge arose to speak. He referred to a recent and memorable drought which had threatened the water supply in certain cities in New Jersey and New York. He said that some one proposed that the people pray for rain. Some questioned whether it would do any good to pray for rain. Mr. Dodge did not pass judgment upon whether the prayer brought rain, but the rain came—not two inches, but four inches. "And now," said Mr. Dodge, "I propose that this Committee arise from this very helpful discussion of financial problems and join in singing

"Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword."

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And there in that Downtown Luncheon Club, with other groups of business men in adjoining rooms discussing railroad, steamship, and industrial financing Cleveland H. Dodge, on that memorable occasion, with the combined fervor of a college cheer leader and of a church choir master led the faltering Executive Committee in singing "Faith of Our Fathers." The Committee adjourned. The orphanages were not closed.

Honey and Cider

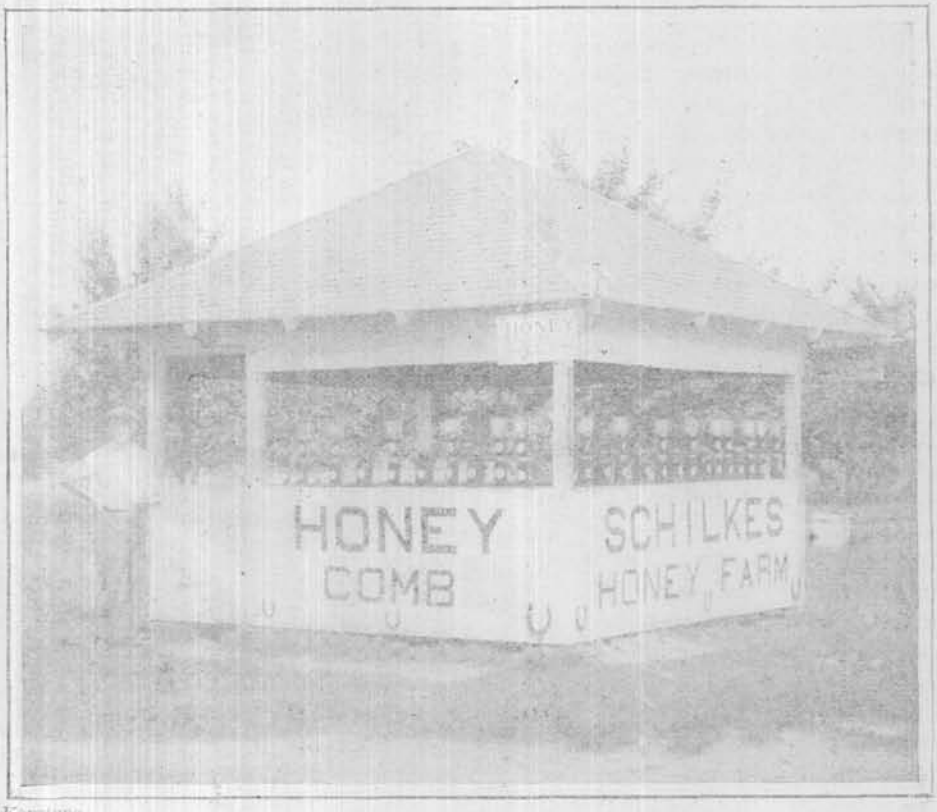
Two Simple Products Brought to Their Own by the Automobile

By DON C. SEITZ

IN the process of spreading the money flow throughout the rural districts, the automobile has brought prosperity to the beekeepers and cider makers. Honey and cider are two of the simplest of products, both coming free to the farmer—one from the busy bee, the other from apples that would rot unsold on the ground. The two now represent a highly valuable asset.

These articles have become the chief items of sale at roadside markets, and if the honey was not gathered in a near-by hive it does not matter. Honey is honest stuff, wherever found or sold. It defies adulterants. Pure maple syrup may be something quite different, but honey is the real thing. Beekeepers all over the country are feeling the impulse of the new demand, and the firms that furnish them with supplies are getting out devices that will help the trade. Attractive signs are furnished. Clear glass containers have been developed to display the extracted sweet to the best advantage, and two-color cartons contrived to hold comb-honey neatly. Lantern slides for movie-theater advertising are also in order, and one firm has gotten out electroplates for honey advertisers to use in newspapers.

People in general have a queer fear of the bee. The sting is no worse than the prick of a pin, but wakes terror, although the formic acid injected into the wound is healthy. Enough of it will, it is said, cure rheumatism. Most people, of course, prefer rheumatism to being stung. This fear has curtailed bee culture and left it largely to professionals. Yet a hive or two might well be kept at every country house and a dozen on the farm. Each one can usually be relied upon for from thirty to sixty pounds of honey—the most perfect form of "sweetening" known. It is non-diabetic, and therefore far more healthy than sugar. It will keep indefinitely and need not be used in large quantities to satisfy the palate. Before the South Sea Islands gave us sugar-cane honey supplied the world's sweet tooth. It was also used as the base of a beverage among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors—mead, a mild ferment that possesses much more merit than beer. Since prohibition came it has enjoyed a renaissance.



Keystone

A Roadside Honey Stand

Kalamazoo always prided itself on the fact that its stoves were sent direct to the consumer. Now Kalamazoo and other points East and West go direct to the producer via the ubiquitous automobile

Something like 35,000 bees inhabit a prosperous hive and work hard for the six weeks that constitute the average life of the busy insect. Besides producing honey they perform inestimable services in fertilizing the blossoms of trees and plants. The orchards teem with fruit in proportion to the number of blossoms touched by bees that carry the fructifying pollen on their fuzzy persons. Savings banks use the old-fashioned conical hive of twisted straw as a trade-mark, and the Mormons of Utah call their country "Deseret," meaning, "The Land of the Bee." The banks take it on as a symbol of saving; the Mormons as one of industry and thrift.

Most of the extracted honey comes from the West—once the "Great Desert," whose sage-brush furnishes a fine hunting ground for the bees. In the East, however, sweet and white clover, fruit trees, flowers of many sorts, basswood, locust and sumac blossoms give good returns. The late A. I. Root, of Medina, Ohio, to whom we owe the making of beekeeping as an industry, once planted miles of waste roadsides around about with sweet clover to furnish honey hunting grounds. The local authorities, with stern virtue, mowed it all. Who was A. I. Root that he should do something sensible, economical, and profitable in their midst? Yet he built up the biggest industry in their town. They seemed to think that only his bees would benefit. The bee, however, is a democratic institution and goeth where it liketh, and will not tolerate interference.

The big, buzzing bumblebee, it might be remarked, though storing no honey for commerce, is invaluable as the fertilizer of red clover. Without it, this could not come to seed. The bumblebees quite naturally think they own the

(Continued on page 570)

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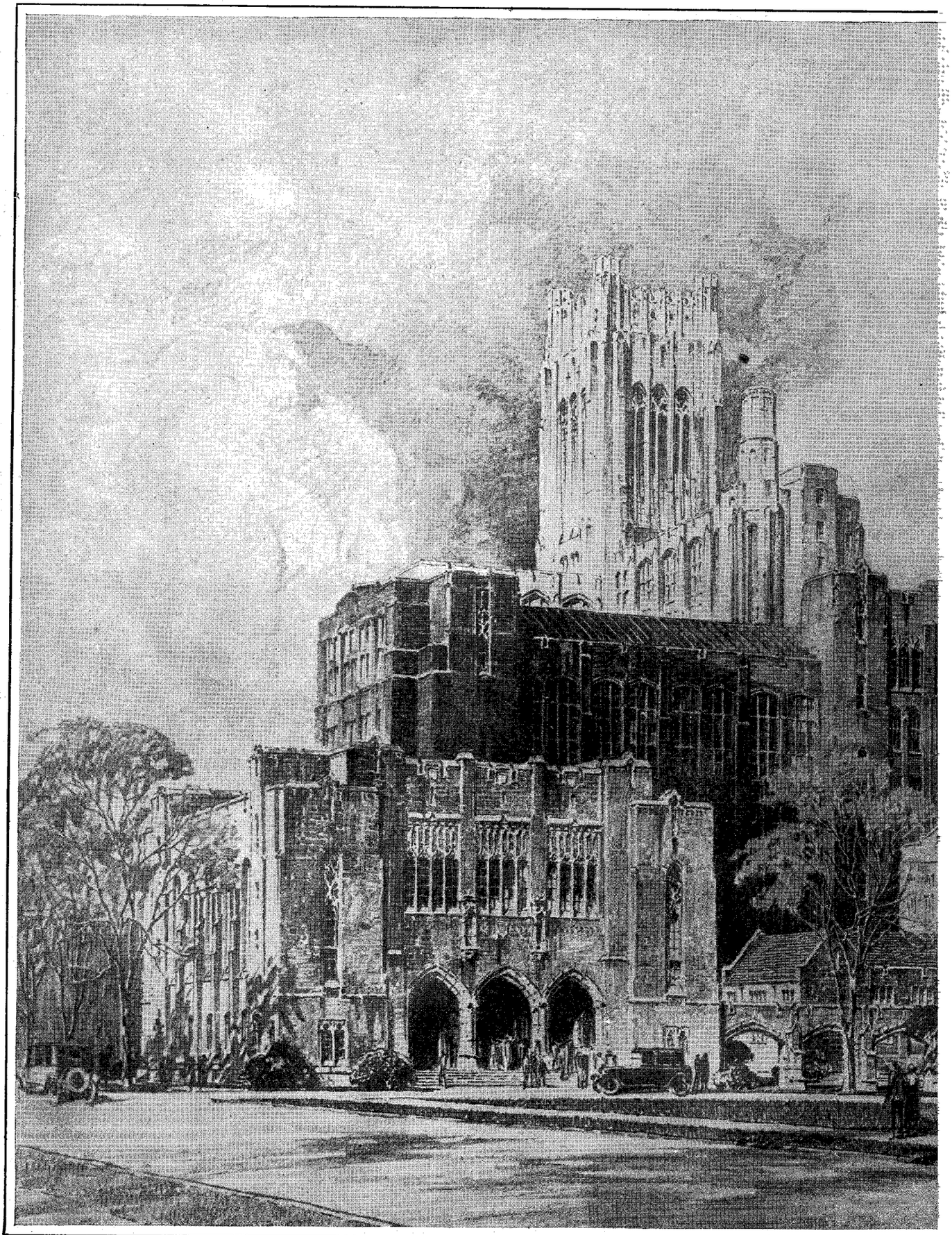

A New Home for

This is the architect's design for the new buildings of Northwestern University, to be loca
of the Harkness Memorial Quadrangle at Ya

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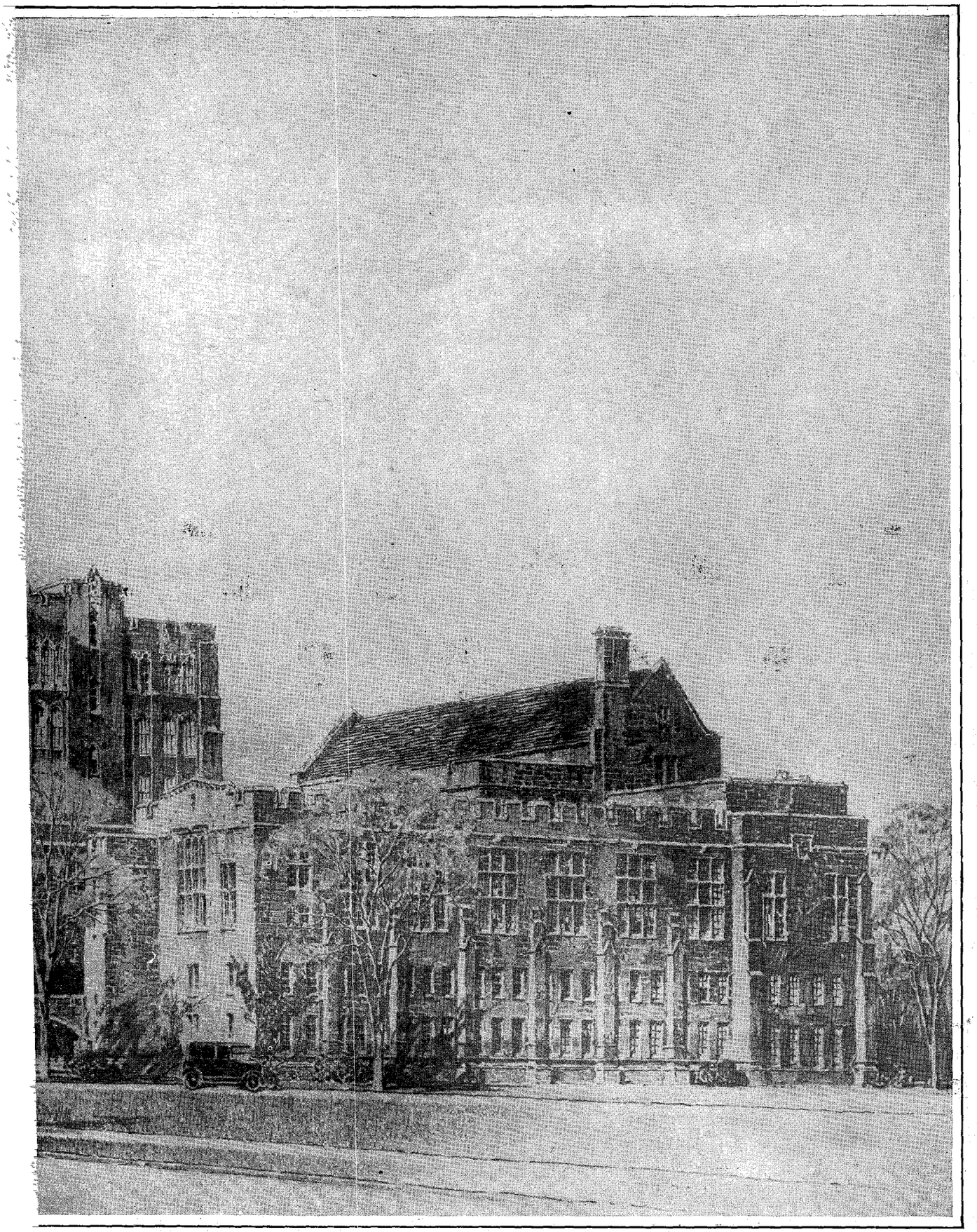

western University

heart of Chicago. The buildings have been designed by James Gamble Rogers, creator
orial comment appears elsewhere in this issue

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clover fields, and have the habit of assailing horses at mowing time. This was the cause of many runaways before tractors came into use. Some cousins of mine, out near Fostoria, Ohio, set wire traps baited with molasses in their clover, caught all the bees and held them in duress until the harvest was gathered, and then set them loose to fertilize the next crop. It struck me as a smart performance.

Cider, as a tribute to Volstead, has to be doctored with a preservative so it will not grow hard and alcoholic. It is usually sold in gallon containers that have a pleasant, refreshing look, which must tempt many to buy. New cider is a wholesome beverage. Hard cider is dreadful stuff. Yet General William Henry Harrison was elected to the Presidency, in 1840, because he was proclaimed as fond of the acidulous compound. That is, the farmers thought here was a man who followed their tastes and had no use for wines or the fancy drinks of the aristocratic city dwellers. He only lived a month after he took office, so, perhaps, the people's tipple did not agree with him. Left to itself long enough, hard cider quiets down into vinegar. "Pure cider vinegar" is much esteemed and might be added to the roadside stocks with advantage. Perhaps no cider is left to pass through the several stages, which may explain its absence.

Honey producers are organized in various parts of the country and hold interesting conventions. In Connecticut the State collects a tax of 25 cents a hive. The cider-makers do not appear to have reached the dignity of association. It will probably come with the growing importance of the industry, which is furbishing up neglected orchards and giving the "wild" apple a status never enjoyed before. Apple buyers now traverse New England, hunting fruit for crushing. The amount of money thus distributed is large and all clear gain. "Cider apples" were once a drug. Now they are a very important crop. Some cider mills locate along the highways and do a rushing business with juice fresh from the press. I know of one in Connecticut that squeezed a very pretty penny out of 30,000 gallons in a single month last year.

The Friends of Cæsar

By Archibald Rutledge

"OH, so you're from the South, are you?" an acquaintance of mine in Montclair, New Jersey, asked me. "Then you're one of these Negro haters."

This kind of remark represents fairly a common opinion in the North concerning the Southerner and the Negro. As a matter of fact, the only Southerners who hate the Negro are the densely ignorant, or those whose residence in the South is of recent origin, or those who have hardening of the "hearteries." Through a long period of years, and, I trust, a not undiscriminating acquaintance in the South, I have never known or heard of a single genuine Southerner, of any parts, of any weight of consequence, whose opinion was worth any consideration, who had any hatred in his heart for the Negro. That is a rather large claim; but I make it with the utmost assurance. And yet to a vast multitude of Americans the people of the Southland are the black man's implacable enemies; and the cardinal principle which every white man of the South is supposed to follow in guiding his attitude toward the Negro is, With charity toward none, with malice for all. Than this, as representing the real situation in the South, there could be no more complete reversal of the truth.

While this situation is astonishing, to account for it is not difficult. To begin with, on such so-called problems people who are removed from them usually reason with broad academic vision and with acute fallacy. Southerners, they say, held slaves; they did not wish them freed; and since emancipation the Negroes have been regarded in no friendly light. This, I say, is somewhat natural reasoning upon cursory evidence; it is understandable. But it is lamentably false; and I believe that some of the trouble can be traced to the imperfect knowledge that many American historians have had concerning the whole slavery question. I may be in gross error; but I do not see how any man can hope to write a decent American history unless he has lived for a long time in various parts of our country. A man who has never lived north of the Mason-Dixon Line could never, however good his intentions, write a history of New England that would meet approval in Boston; and no scholar of the North, whatever his equipment and his earnest desire to be impartial, can hope to handle the question of the Negro, either in slavery or in emancipation, without having lived long in the South. Distinctly, it is not a question of reading about or of mere visiting; one must attempt to live the life of the people for a while; for only thus does one enter into that sympathetic understanding which alone affords that penetrant insight which, clarifying the vision from the mists of preconceived ideas, enters the deep-veiled shrine of a people's soul.

THE misconception in question has been partly due to certain temperamentals of the South. When impressionable people of one section of a country (or of one country) visit another section (or another country), one of the matters to which they give most scrupulous attention is the business of being considered characteristic. They feel that they must be representative. They are very jealous to be typical; and, having thought little of the real things for which people from their region are distinguished, they are rather hasty to accept opinions which they encounter as their guides. So eager are they to behave in a manner traditionally acceptable that they are sometimes betrayed into the most ludicrous absurdities.

This is a case in point. A schoolboy from Parkersburg, West Virginia, was taken by his mates in a Pennsylvania school to be a "typical Southerner." With a lad's native shrewdness, he discovered what was expected of him, and he determined not to be disappointing. To Negro workmen and Negro workwomen about the place he was insolent to a most curious degree. In their presence he cursed and swore, and he took occasion to let every one know that he was acting just as he always did at home. His fellows of course were diverted, and they felt that they were getting an illuminating lesson on the Southerner and the Negro. As a matter of fact, the boy did not come from the real South; his people until a few years before had lived in the West, and in all his life he had probably had no dealings with Negroes. The error into which he fell is one against which many a Southerner has to guard; for it is hard not to be accommodating to one's hosts, and it is a fact that a migrant from Dixie is distinctly disappointing if he fails to perform in a regulation, lynch-him-quickly, 'sdeath-and-blood fashion.

It seems to me that the whole Negro

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question has to be approached as a human problem; indeed, to problems of this nature vain is every other approach. Long, long since it is the road that the better people of both North and South have taken; and if the Negro needs any reassurance during these days of his upward march he may find it in the great fact that the generous, the sane, the forward-looking people of every section of our country are for him. And the Negro knows his friends: he knows that the men and women who respect him as a human being and who give him a fair chance are practically always those who are distinguished by their good works and their sound ways of life. The friends of Cæsar are the great and the good, the brave and the true, the humble and the wise; and in them is the black man's hope, for in them is the hope of the world.

THE Negro, I say, knows his friends; and he will tell you that no one in the world understands him better or accords him fairer treatment than the gentleman of the South; and this has been true from the time of the first slaves' coming.

That man is a friend to the Negro who is a friend to humanity, who recognizes in all men common hopes and fears. Of the stars and of the dust all people are kindred; who, then, will foreshorten the generous hand, who would not wish another well?

That the Negro knows his friends readily is the better understood when we consider with what unerring certainty the Negro can classify people. Once I sent a Negro ducker to guide a very wealthy man; and after the day's sport was over I asked the Negro what he thought of having paddled a millionaire in a dugout cypress canoe.

"He had the money long?" I was asked; and to this salient question I had to return a negative.

"I thought so," was the quiet rejoinder, " 'case he ain't ack jes' reg'lar."

A world of meaning lay in those simple words. This humble heart, of which so many are so negligent or so scornful, has a power to rate human character; and the ability to judge men we usually account as one of the last products of culture. The Negro has it by instinct; his sensitiveness of perception in this respect seems to me a native rather than an acquired power.

That the Negro often shows his gratitude toward his friends in the South needs no proof to any one acquainted with the genuine situation. But the following communication, quoted from an issue of the Savannah, Georgia, "Morning News," will illustrate clearly what I mean. It is headed "A Tribute to Frank W. Comer."

Mr. Frank W. Comer, who was part owner, general manager, and Secretary and Treasurer of the E. T. Comer Company, Millhaven, Georgia, died on October 24. As we and the other members of our race at Millhaven were permitted to view the remains, many tears came to our eyes and great sorrow to our hearts. Since that sad date we have reveiwed many great changes which have taken place under his management for the betterment of our race, and for the advancement of his company.

We think of the large debts that we and other members of our race brought to Millhaven with us, many amounting to $500, and others double this amount. But under Mr. Comer's management we are free of all debts, left with mules in our lots, our hogs in our pens, corn in our barns, and many of us have money in the bank.

Our lodges have been completed, our churches are comfortable; and our time was divided: first to our Heavenly Father; second, we rendered honest labor; and third, we slept or frolicked about the plantation as we chose, knowing that we had Mr. Comer's protection as long as we did the right thing.

But, saddest of all, we march round the office window, and our eyes look in at the old desk chair. It is vacant; yet we feel that perhaps that other trusted leaders are going to do the best they can for us. We are willing to trust them, we are willing to obey them, but our tears are still falling because Mr. Comer's chair is vacant after ten long years of faithful service.

(Signed) The Rev. C. H. WESLEY.
JOSH WESLEY.

It appears to me that for anything comparable to this in simplicity, in ingenuousness, and in the moving power of elemental sincerity we shall have to search—I know not where. It is vastly heartening; and, while I never had the privilege of knowing Mr. Frank Comer, I feel that I understand him, and I honor his memory.

This letter proves several things: First, that the Negro has true friends in the South among the people who count; secondly, the Negro appreciates honest guidance; and again, we have here manifested that the black man has a capacity for that sudden and serene dilation and utterance of heart which means the presence of unguessed spiritual strength. Had I not the conviction that the Negro (or any other man) possesses this power, little hope could I reasonably entertain of his future. It is the mystic sign and symbol of the indwelling presence of God; and with it, all things are possible.

To illustrate further this especial matter, which is to be considered of the highest importance, I should like to tell of my meeting with Willis White. It happened during the winter just past; and the experience impressed itself upon me poignantly.

AT dawn on a winter's morning in the wilds of the great coastal belt of the Carolinas the mail automobile in which I was being rocked awake suddenly came to a halt.

"King's Crossroads," said the driver.

"How far is it to the coast from here?"

"Oh, about three or four miles, off in that direction," my informant answered, pointing away to the eastward, where the wistful forest glimmered silent and mysterious. In another moment my gun, my suit-case, and I were on the lonely road. On all sides stretched away the fragrant forest, now stirred to faint music by a morning air. Taking up my luggage, I turned into the grass-grown road that led eastward. Incidentally, I may say that I was on a hunting trip, my destination being Bull's Island, off the coast; and I was supposed to meet a boat at an old deserted wharf which was the terminal of the road that I had now taken.

A December morning in the wildwoods of the South is likely to be balmy and delicious. Of those who have their attar of roses I am not envious as long as I can scent the dew on the sweet myrtles and in the rosemary pines, can catch the bosky odors from woodland watercourses, and can break from a wayside vine a saffron spray of the jasmine. All this I could enjoy on the lonely road; and I could hear birds warbling in the kindly sun—towhees, cardinals, and bluebirds. Several times across the road woodcock hurtled in their enigmatic flight. Their wings I envied them; for the road, like most other Southern swamp roads in winter, was deeply under water.

THE long automobile ride and the two-mile wade down this road began to tell on me. But just when I had begun to look with somewhat longing eyes at the far thin line of trees that marked the coast I saw a figure approaching down a forest path. Tall and lithe and Indian-like he looked. It was Willis White, a Negro. I had never seen him or heard of him; but I shall never forget him.

"How far is it to King's old wharf?" I asked. "And am I on the right road?"

"Two miles, sir; yes, this is the road. I live right by the wharf. You must let me carry your gun and your suit-case for you."

The man seemed Heaven-sent; for this was a part of the country new to me, and here was a friendly native. As we trudged along through the wine-colored swamp water that not only stood in the

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road, but in many places flowed over it with a considerable current, we talked of many things.

"I have charge of this old place for Mr. King," Willis told me; "nobody is left here but me. Some of my friends try to get me to go to the North, where wages are high; but I am happy here, I and my children. We raise our own stock, we grow everything we need for food except flour and sugar and coffee, and we can get from Sewee Bay, right in front of the house, all the fish and oysters we want. Why should I go away?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Five years," he answered. "I used to live in McClellanville."

"Do you grow any money crops?" I asked.

"Peanuts," he replied, "and a little cotton—and oysters," he added with a laugh: "that's the easy crop. People come out of the woods for miles to buy oysters from us."

"Have you ever tried any special crops?"

"All the gentlemen from McClellanville to Mount Pleasant are good to me," the Negro answered; "they know that if they give me seed I will attend to the crop. They give me new kinds of seed to try, and I find out for them whether those crops are good for this part of the country. They call me an experimenter."

This was an illuminating thing to me—that white planters should recognize in this man something of an agricultural expert, and that they trusted him to try out new things for them. The idea seemed to me to open tremendous possibilities for the rural South. It is a fact that a Negro who is a good planter is likely to be excitingly good: and he often has the patience to exercise that tedious care which is essential to intensive farming.

It did not seem long ere we came to the seacoast. The last trees were certain patriarch live-oaks and red cedars: there was a shell-strewn beach; and beyond it an ancient wharf staggered out above a salt creek. As the tide was low, I knew that I had some time to wait for my boat. I sat down on some old drifted log to watch the shore birds and to wait. Willis, meanwhile, told me that he had to go up to his house, but that he would see me again before I left.

It must have been after eleven o'clock when he reappeared.

"Your dinner is ready, sir," he said.

I was no less amazed than delighted. About dinner nothing had been said: yet nothing was to me more welcome just then. When one has had but a snatch of breakfast at five o'clock, toward noon one is liable to take a pessimistic view of life.

Accepting readily the invitation of Willis, I went with him to his house—a long, rambling structure beneath huge oaks, sheltered from the sea winds by a dense thicket of sweet myrtle. Entering, I found a cheerful fire burning on the wide hearth; the floor of yellow pine was swept and scoured until it shone; the small dining-table was set humbly but immaculately. On a hunting trip a man hardly expects to see a snowy tablecloth; yet such was what I had. Willis sat by the fire while I ate dinner. His daughter served the meal. It was all that a hungry man could want, and the spirit in which it was offered was all that even the most fastidious could demand.

After dinner I returned to the beach, and Willis shortly thereafter joined me. When I told him how much I had enjoyed dinner, he said:

"My daughter does all that work. Her mother is dead."

"Have you been long alone?" I asked.

"We used to have a pretty house in the village," he said, "but my wife died there six years ago. I came down here because I couldn't stand to stay where she had been, and yet no more."

I RECOGNIZED that affecting confession to those who would deny to the Negro the fundamental feelings which are common to all races. Wordsworth said that real suffering has the aspect of eternal things; and here on the wild seacoast I found a man so wounded by sorrow that to escape it he had tried the experiment of fleeing from all reminders of it. But he was still darkly attended; for in his eyes I saw the depth of his trouble and in the very quietness of his manner the proof of his grief.

One other thing I discovered. This man was a naturalist. As we sat there on the beach awaiting the coming of my boat he commented on the number and the variety of the shore birds thronging this sheltered haven.

"I come down here often, by myself," he said, "to watch them: they are very tame with me, because I've never harmed them. Some of the big blue herons make me laugh, they are so serious. The oyster-catchers have the brightest plumage, but they are the noisiest—just like people. I think I like the sandpipers the best. They seem to me friendly, just like little children."

The popular magazines, which are so fond of showing us minstrels whenever Negroes are presented, would never publish a story accrediting to a Negro the conversation just quoted. To the monster known as "the reading public" the Negro must needs be a coward, a buffoon, an incorrigibly lazy scamp. Observe the Negroes shown in the moving pictures. They are counterfeit. They are made to meet an uninformed public's preconceived vague notions. And such presentations are bad for both races: a man may become what his acquaintances or those for whom he works think he is; and the white man, seeing the Negro behave in a traditional manner, has his conviction strengthened that he is capable of no other kind of behavior. But the best people of both South and North, because they know that no race is a minstrel race, know that the Negro is worthy of friendship, of encouragement, of every possible chance to better his condition of life. It seems to me that to accept him as a mountebank is subtly to do irreparable injury to his morale.

On February 10, 1923, there died at Fayetteville, North Carolina, John McAllister, a Negro. He named in his will as his beneficiary Mr. William R. Fuller, of New York, general counsel of the American Tobacco Company. The estate of which Mr. Fuller became the heir consists of a small cabin and its furnishings. The will reads as follows:

"My wife, now deceased, belonged to Mr. Fuller's father and mother. When in life I needed advice, Mr. Willie never failed me. He may not need my little home, I pray; but he will know better what to do with it than I; and in this way I want to show my appreciation of what he has done for me."

Taking from this touching document the statement, "Mr. Willie never failed me," and understanding, let us say, that Mr. Willie fairly represents the true heart of the South, I am sure that McAllister's declaration can be applied by thousands upon thousands of Negroes to their genuine friends among the good white people of the South.

The following quotation comes from a Barnwell, South Carolina, paper: "Du Bose, the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Robinson, of this city, fell into an abandoned well in a neighbor's yard to-day. A passer-by gave the alarm. Leroy McElmore, employed by Mr. Robinson, ran to a hardware store, secured a coil of rope, and lowered himself into the well. Willing helpers who by this time had arrived drew the man up. He had the child in his arms. The boy was near to drowning, but it is thought that he will recover. The well was nearly forty feet deep. McElmore is a Negro."

I mention this incident to show that the real Negro is certainly not always found in actual life in a minstrel rôle.

THE friends of Cæsar—who are they? They are the men and women who try to understand him; who are willing to give him that respect and considera-

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tion due a member of the great human family; who have faith in his future; and, far from using him politically as a pawn or financially as a minstrel, not only intend to wish him well, but purpose to guide him and to help him. As I know of no better way to serve the cause of humanity than to be a friend of Cæsar.

Bringing the Electrical Hired Man to the Farm

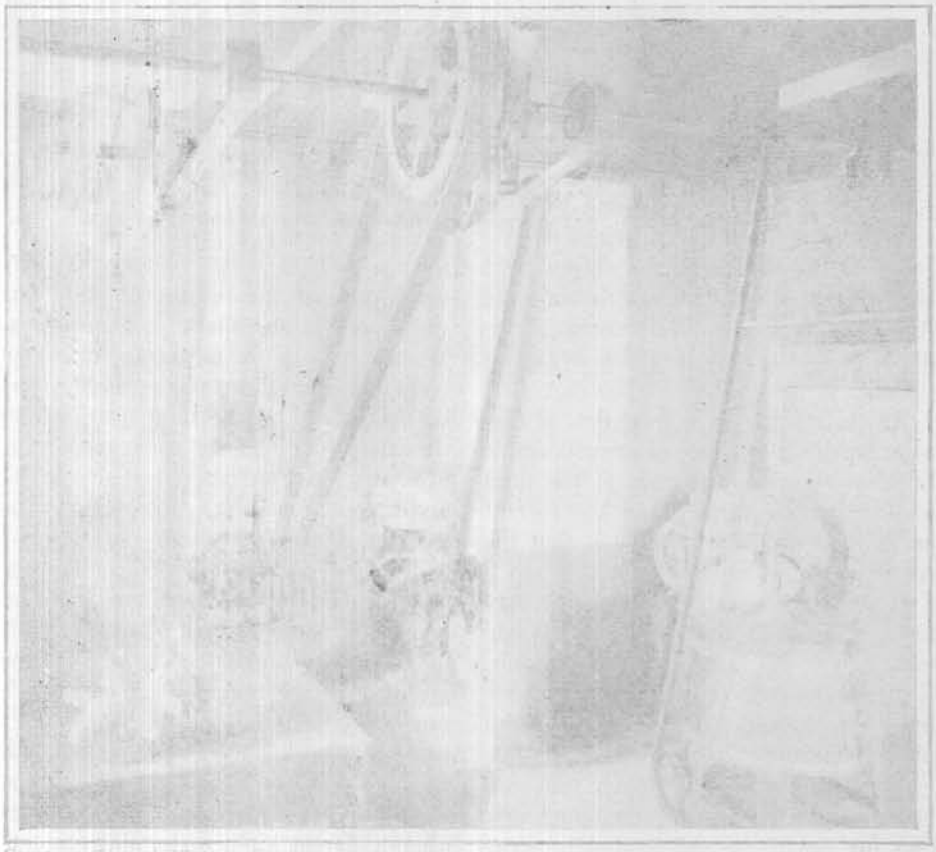
By FRANCIS A. WESTBROOK

WHEN the American farmer goes to work, he has only about half as much power at his command to help him turn out his day's production as the American factory worker. The electrical hired man, it would seem, might help to remove this limitation.

Furthermore, the statement has been made by the Smithsonian Institution that the labor equipment in the average farmhouse is fifty years behind the times and that "the usual cooking stove—even though it may be decorated with nickel—stands in about the same relation to an up-to-date thermostat-controlled gas or electric range that a grain cradle does to a self-binder." As nine out of every ten rural housewives do their own work, they as evidently need the electrical hired girl.

When we realize that both the bread-winning and home-making sides of farm life are so seriously handicapped in comparison with town life, it is not hard to see why the latter is so much more popular with the younger generation.

What is to be done about it?



Courtesy General Electric Company

Four jobs for one motor!

This one pumps water, separates cream, churns butter, and does the family wash

THERE is a very insistent demand for rural electrical power, and so far it has been found extremely difficult to satisfy it.

For a country which prides itself on being progressive it seems surprising that of the 6,500,000 farms in the United States only about half a million, or less than eight per cent, have electrical power. Of this half million a few have their own small power plants, but this is practicable to only a limited extent. The great majority are served by central-station lines, which, unquestionably, is the way of future development.

In other industries the high cost of materials and labor has been largely offset by labor-saving devices, made possible, in turn, by very great increases in the application of mechanical power. In agriculture the high price of labor has meant overwork and insufficient production to meet these increased costs.

So we find that the farmers are wanting electrical power to help them out, and the power companies are worrying over the bad odor in which they find themselves because they cannot give what the farmers want, for the simple reason that they do not see how they can afford to do it—at least on a National scale.

A situation has thus arisen which is extremely favorable for making progress if only the problem is attacked in the right way. Obviously, this way is by co-operation and scientific research—that is, by engineering methods. It has already begun. It is a very important movement, quietly going on without any connection with politics and promising a gradual, but sure, advance.

As usually happens in the complication of human affairs, several interested parties are involved. In this case three groups must co-operate in making farm electrification of the greatest benefit to the greatest number. These are the farmers, the power companies, and the manufacturers of electrical apparatus, whereby the power may be best converted into useful farm work.

This movement was started two or three years ago, when the representatives of the electrical industry realized that they could not afford to let the farmers feel that they were neglected. It was then that the National Electric Light Association, representing the electrical industry, had a meeting with the American Farm Bureau Federation. They talked the matter over, and decided to form a National committee which they called the Committee on the Relation of Electricity to Agriculture. The membership of this Committee is very representative, as it is composed of delegates from the Departments of Agriculture,

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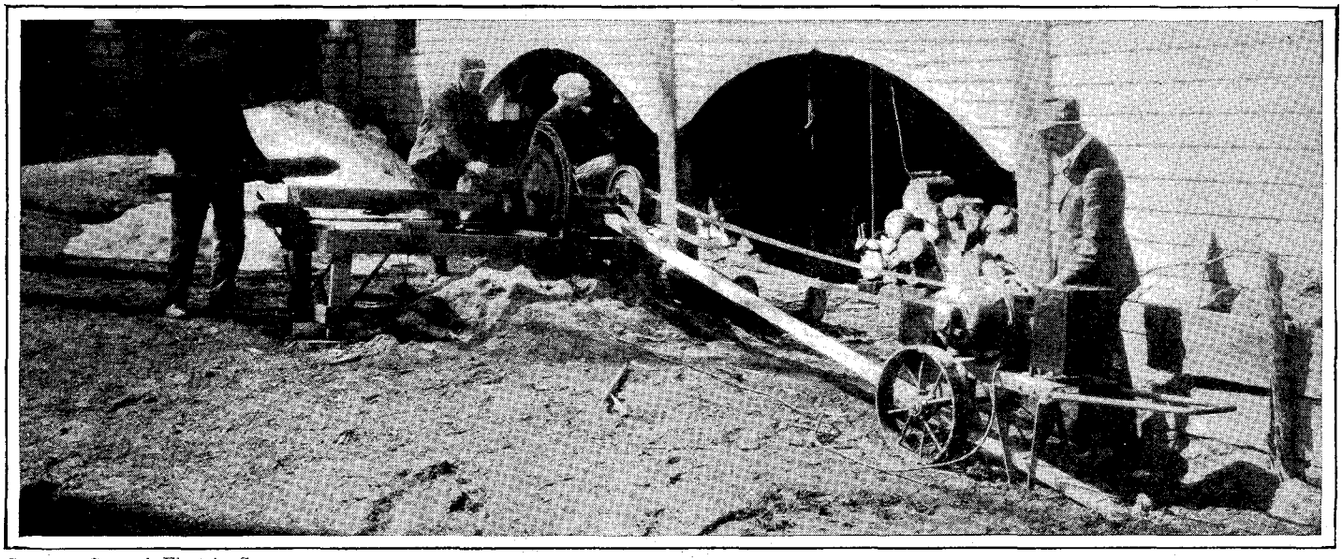

Courtesy General Electric Company

No more sawbuck work on this farm

An electric motor takes care of a job which used to occupy many winter hours

Interior, and Commerce, as well as from the Power Farming Association, the American Society of Agricultural Engineers, and the two founder organizations.

All this seems like a great deal of fuss to accomplish such an apparently simple thing as running wires out to the farm and letting the farmers use the current as they see fit. The trouble is that the whole matter is not at all simple.

It is an actual fact, strange as it may seem, that it is anything but clear to what extent the farmer can make use of electrical power. It is difficult to see how, for instance, it can help him to plow or cultivate his crops.

Nevertheless there is much that can be done in the way of developing new uses for electricity and in making clear the great possibilities of using the apparatus now available. This is what the Committee on the Relation of Electricity to Agriculture is trying to do in a systematic and businesslike manner.

The first question to be faced is how the power companies can receive a reasonable return on the money expended for constructing lines into sparsely settled regions where there may be four consumers to the mile instead of perhaps thirty or more, as in the more populous sections of the country. The solution of this difficulty lies in having each farmer use sufficiently large amounts of current to make up the difference, at least in part.

A very important and perhaps rather startling opinion has been brought to bear on this situation. Mr. Owen D. Young, who is the head of the General Electric Company and one of the most brilliant and broad-minded of American business men, has stated that he believes that the electrical consumers in the thickly settled areas should properly bear some of the burden of supplying consumers in the sparsely settled areas because it is to the advantage of everybody that American standards of living be maintained on the farms. Otherwise the cost of eating may continue to rise. Still, that does not alter the necessity of finding out how electrical power can be used to the best advantage.

To this end the National Committee has organized State committees in about seventeen States. Each State Committee is usually under the charge of some professor of the State college of agriculture as project leader. These Committees have been able to co-operate with the power companies, manufacturers, and farmers in a variety of localities where different kinds of farming are carried on under different conditions. Last summer they had a meeting at Red Wing, Minnesota, where they compared notes. It is surprising what a variety of uses were brought to light—some of them quite unexpected.

When some particular advantage exists in a community, it is the way of human nature to devise ways of using it. Sometimes these are natural advantages and sometimes artificial. Pittsburgh became a great steel center and New York a great port because of natural advantages. In farming communities where electrical power has been available it was found that the amount of current used has steadily increased, and that the ways in which it can be used are on the whole greater for each individual than in ordinary residential districts.

In California about half the farms are electrified because the large water powers in that region have made favorable rates possible. The types of agriculture are also such that electrical power is easy to apply—for instance, in the dehydration of food products (making raisins, among other things) and in dairy farming where milking, cream separating, and churning are readily done with the help of motors.

A dairy farmer in Wisconsin rigged up an electrical heating apparatus for making hot water with which to wash milk cans and all the other appurtenances of dairying. It was a great convenience because plenty of hot water could be obtained in a short time even in winter without the trouble of building a fire or complicating the household.

In Iowa electric power is used successfully for elevating, grinding feed, and shelling corn. In certain parts of New England electricity is employed to good advantage in chicken raising for incubation and brooding. Sawing wood by means of a motor is widespread, and there are many instances where a motor, mounted on a truck and provided with a long flexible cable so that it can be moved around the barnyard, has been found very serviceable.

Tests are under way to see if corn and hay cannot be dried in the mow by means of electrically driven blowers. This would save the great quantity of such produce lost each year due to rainy weather, not to mention the wasted labor caused by wetting from sudden showers and necessitating spreading and raking a second time.

Modern industry owes its rapid progress to just this kind of systematic and scientific study and research in field and laboratory. It is a quiet, effective method in which politics has no place.

The social benefit which can be obtained by removing the drudgery from the home and farmyard would do as much to place country life on a par with

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city life as anything we can think of. This is fully realized by the electrical industry, as explained by the President of the National Electric Light Association in the middle of January at a gathering of farmers at Kansas City. A strong effort is therefore being made along these lines. It is also the first and easiest point of attack, not only because of the great immediate benefits to be derived, but also because it involves nothing but apparatus now available.

No great flight of the imagination is called for to see what may be expected. On a well-electrified farm the electric milking-machine simplifies the beginning of the day for the man of the family. Meantime his wife will be getting breakfast ready on the electric range without making any calls to have wood brought in. While the family is eating, the electrically driven cream separator can be doing its work and, if it is Monday morning, the electric washing-machine will be set in action in place of the impossible hired girl. It is hardly necessary to enumerate all the other hard work that can be turned into child's play by the use of well-known electrical appliances such as the vacuum-cleaner, electric iron, and others which come into service off and on almost every day.

Of course lighting is another important item, with its relief from fussing with oil lamps. Add to this the electrical hired man who does the churning, grinds the feed, and saws the wood, and it will soon become a source of wonder how on earth it is possible for a family to manage without all the electrical hired help it can get.

Any revolutionary changes such as these are bound to take an exasperatingly long time to reach fulfillment, or anything like it, because co-operation among so many is necessary for their development and financing. Furthermore, the farmers cannot buy all this equipment at once; but if the source of power is at hand they will do so gradually.

When this perfectly practicable state of affairs has been reached, as it has been on many farms, it is not difficult to see that a number of such farms connected to a power line will constitute a fairly continuous and heavy draught of power which will make the line profitable to the power company; and the tendency will be for the use to increase.

"Notre Cher Vieux Québec"

A New Spirit in French Canada

By George Marvin

"QUÉBEC," writes Joseph Samson, Mayor of the city, in his native French, "est essentiellement une cité bilingue. En effet plus de 100,000 de nos concitoyens parlent la langue française comme langue maternelle. Les autres parlent l'anglais."

"The others," who "parley English," are just the difference between the hundred thousand French-speaking *concitoyens* and the 116,488 census estimates of two years ago. Its site, discovered in 1535 by Jacques Cartier only forty-three years after Columbus discovered the American continent, and founded by Samuel de Champlain in 1608, less than a year after the settlement of Jamestown, "Notre Cher Vieux Québec" remains today a French city in British America. In appearance, in language, in the subtile emanations of a different civilization that compose atmosphere, Quebec continues to be almost as Latin a community as Havana, two thousand miles away in the Spanish south. In Latin origins they are nearly contemporaneous, though Diego Velasquez's permanent foundation in Cuba antedated Champlain's on the St. Lawrence by a hundred years. In some respects they differ: one is the capital of a politically independent (subject to Platt Amendment) republic; the other is the capital of a province in an all but nominally and sentimentally independent Dominion of the British Empire. One speaks Spanish, the other French. In some other respects they are alike: each is periodically inundated by tourists from the United States and makes a profitable business out of their exploitation and entertainment. Each is thoroughly smitten with the contagion of commercial enterprise transmitted by example and by contact from the colossus of trade between them. Both of them are cities—each in its varying Latin way—just as truly of America as are cities of the forty-eight United States.

It is an American spirit of commercial enterprise that now moves "Our Dear Old Quebec" with new life. "*La cité historique par excellence de l'Amérique*," more than three hundred years old, is shelving its historical interest and brushing aside its picturesque values to grapple with more tangible plans for port development. In much the same mood *New* Orleans is turning away from its capitalized old Creole days to face the future of Mississippi navigation and overseas trade. From a southern window in the dominating Château of Frontenac you seem to be looking down on the crossroadsteads of four rivers. On your right the main stream of the St. Lawrence, flowing down from Montreal 170 miles to the westward, sweeps between the Gibraltar-like promontory of Champlain's "Rock City" and the substantial, spire-fringed town of Levis, on the southern shore. Around the corner to your left, where old Champlain in gallant effigy stands up and salutes his *cité historique*, another river or wide estuary makes in to the land with ships going and coming upon it, but this in reality is only the deep elbow of the present harbor, with its tidal basins at the mouth of the non-navigable river St. Charles. At an obtuse angle from your Château point of view two apparently divergent rivers flow off to the eastward, but these become on acquaintance the two ship channels of the St. Lawrence flowing round the Isle d'Orleans on their four-hundred-mile way to the open Atlantic. With sailing vessels and steamships heading home or outward bound on all these waterways, it takes a day or so to become exactly oriented in maritime terms from Quebec as a point of departure.

Once clearly oriented, however, what you can see goes far to substantiate the claim of Quebec's *Chambre de Commerce* to "One of the largest inland deep-water ocean harbors in the world" and "the largest on the continent of America;" though this claim would certainly be disputed in its exact quoted definition by New Orleans, with its 45 miles of dockable levees less than a hundred miles from the Gulf of Mexico, on the American continent and, in a more general way, by such foreign inland ports as Hankow or Bordeaux. Montreal would be cut out of the competition by a strict interpretation of the "deep-water" qualification, and Duluth and Buffalo by the restriction—unacknowledged, of course, by either competing Chamber of Com-

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merce—of "ocean" as applied directly to "port." This undoubtedly great harbor of Quebec that you see is more than fifteen miles in length, extending from the mouth of the small Chaudière tributary, up-stream to the west, to St. Patrick's Hole on the Isle d'Orleans to the east. In between these arbitrary limits are well over thirty miles of deep-water berthing space on both sides of the river, and the harbor room thus provided is accessible from the sea, at any stages of the tide or flow of current, to any steamers afloat. Vessels of more than 16,000 tons, or greater than 16 feet draught, cannot safely proceed up-stream from Quebec the 170 additional miles of shallower channel to Montreal, and for this reason the Empress steamers of the Canadian Pacific and the deep-draught Cunarders have already made Quebec their terminal port. But there are two definite restrictions to the further development of the Port of Quebec: it is frozen up tight during at least three months in every year ("the average navigation season is from April 1 to December 31"); and, secondly, a present lack of terminal facilities coupled with what Quebec considers unfairly discriminatory rates on long freight hauls from the west and marine insurance rates from St. Lawrence ports. The first of these restrictions is well-nigh irremediable; the second is being dealt with vigorously by the city of Quebec and, at Quebec's instance, by the Dominion Government as well as by those commercial and shipping concerns whose best interests are directly involved with the development of the port.

This new harbor project, and the plans for the big industrial center that is to grow up in its neighborhood, compose the new life currents that are running through quaint old Quebec to-day. The setting and the new activities seem so unrelated. In the offices of the old Board of Trade, chief local sponsors of the ambitious program, reached through pre-motor, cobbled streets and alleys, that might be in Cherbourg or Brest, a delegation of eloquent Frenchmen, waving their hands in the air, are soliciting the reinstatement of the Board's fired charwoman. Fishermen and schooners with package freight for river towns are always in the seascape by contrast with the aching expanse of Superior, as viewed from Duluth, peopled only with crawling caterpillar freighters and their long trails of smoke. Floating pontoons on the water-front, near the Board of Trade and the new cold-storage plant, compensate the rise and fall of the tide twelve to twenty feet on the gauge. Alongside these pontoons the stout little Levis ferries depart and arrive, scuttling crabwise across the strong set of tide and current in midstream. Up to the war time "Notre Vieux Québec" occupied its business in great waters mainly with the shipping of lumber and passengers and the debarkation of immigrants. The new bricks and concrete of the cold-storage plant, standing sharp among somber warehouses and Old World façades, are symbol of more hustling times. The *concitoyens* tell you that there are just as many fish to be caught in the St. Lawrence and its many tributaries as on the northwest Pacific coast, but until the Provincial Government backed the cold-storage enterprise there were no adequate facilities for handling the catch. Now Quebec, not so *vieux*, is stepping out to be a big fisheries port. A million pounds of eels were caught last year round the Island of Orleans and off the Levis shore, frozen and packed in the cold storage, between September first and the middle of October. "Too hard," explained the storage-house manager, "after de middle October, when de northwest wind, he blow. Heels," he went on sagely, "is one of de fish dat we don' know de habits; and me twenty-fife year in de fish businez. Now dis man, Beebe, naturalist in de States, he know something about de habits of de fish. Everyding he write I get and read heem."

Up-stream from the haunts of the "heels" Quebec is beginning work on the new terminal docks which are to cost over $20,000,000 when completed. Round Pointe Blanc from Dufferin Terrace and the old Citadel the north bank of the St. Lawrence makes in under high palisades to a point a mile or so westward where a stream has worn a wooded gully. By the easy ascent of this gully from the sandy cove at its foot General Wolfe led his men the dark night before his surprise attack on Montcalm across the acres of farmer Abraham, who came each night within the walls of the city but left his name forever on the high plateau outside. In Wolfe's Cove the sailing ships of Vieux Québec's ancient port supremacy were built and launched and used to lie with furled sails alongside the old stone jetties. The ends of the ruined wharves are still marked by "booms" more than a hundred and fifty years old, lying offshore like a group of little rocky islands, stunted trees growing forlornly among the stones. Here in a leisurely manner the preliminary work for the new port is going forward: clicking of hand drills on the rocks, gangs of workmen shoveling the sliding shale of the cliffs into one-horse dump-cars to be hauled down Decauville railways and dumped into the long "fill" of marshy foreshore. By the very path where Wolfe led his climbing soldiers contractors' wagons and trucks toil up and down.

These new docks, that are counted on as the first constructive agency in the transformation of "Notre Cher Vieux Québec" into "Votre Québec Nouveau" and considerably more "Cher," have been under consideration since Laurier's time in 1912. So much, then, for the terminal-facilities part of the removable restriction on Quebec's maritime supremacy.

The other factor, that of rate discrimination, is much less easily dealt with. It involves international and interprovincial difficulties. In a nutshell and shorn of technicalities the situation is something like this: According to Senator Bennett, of the Canadian Parliament, between seventy-four and eighty per cent of the grain export of western Canada has been going in recent years via Buffalo to New York and other United States Atlantic cities for shipment overseas. In view of the great monetary sacrifice which Canada has made in building its three great transcontinental railways, a burden which the taxpayers still carry in making up an annual deficit running into many millions of dollars, this situation would not seem, *prima facie*, very creditable to the business capacity of Canadian merchants and transportation authorities. In view of the United States duty on Canadian wheat, varying from 30 to 40 cents a bushel in the period under consideration, it may be assumed that nearly all of the 150 or more million bushels sent from the grain provinces to Buffalo goes through in bond; appreciably none of it is for consumption in the States. The loss, therefore, as Quebec sees it, is a loss direct to tranport, storage, and shipping agencies in the Dominion. In one year, it is officially estimated, Canadian grain in transit must have paid from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 to United States railways and elevators.

Such a debit balance is, of course, neither fortuitous nor gratuitous. It is well accounted for by freight and insurance rates, and perhaps by the universal tendency to continue in a well-worn rut, especially when that rut is efficiently managed. Quebec pleads for Dominion transportation as well as for its own port utilization. Why, they say, should enginemen and trainmen employed by the

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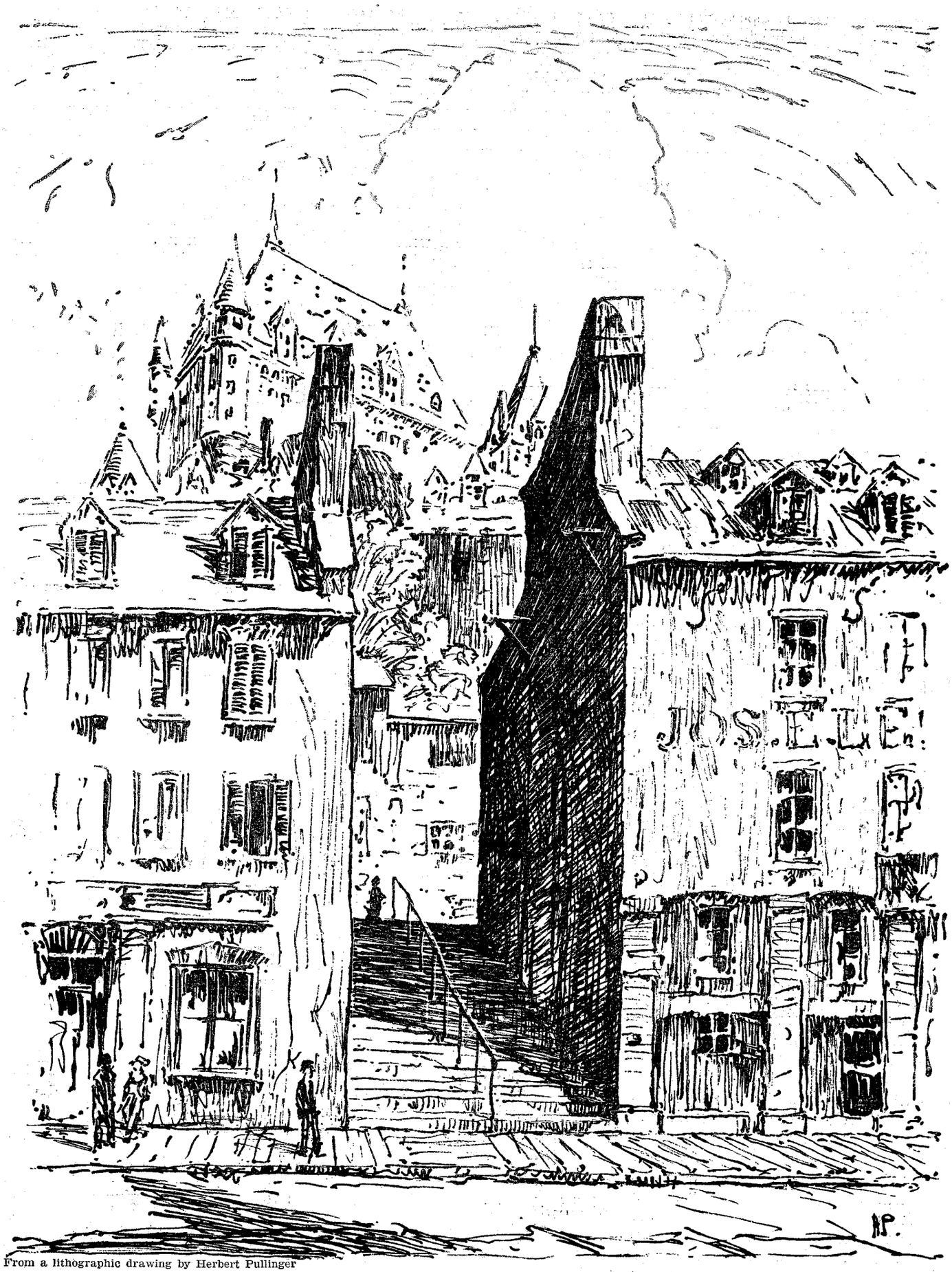

From a lithographic drawing by Herbert Pullinger

Looking upward from the water-front of Quebec at the dominating tower of the Château Frontenac

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by New York, because less than three per cent of the water shipments from Fort William in 1923 went to Montreal. Quebec is 500 miles nearer Liverpool than is New York, and during its three months' ice embargo the Quebec Bridge extends the saving in distance from Winnipeg, achieved by the Canadian Transcontinental, to the winter ports of Halifax and St. John.

Quebec maintains that a flat rate of 11 cents for the rail haul from Winnipeg or Fort William to Quebec ought to bring the railway a reasonable profit while insuring to the country, through which a great railway runs, the expenditure of the sixty to eighty per cent of all that a railroad earns, and at the same time revolutionize the port of "Notre Cher Vieux Cité, le Berceau de la Nation Canadienne."

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Quicquid Agunt Homines

Reviews by W. J. GHENT

editors, that his "conduct was masterly and its record both honorable and distinguished." It is the editorial belief also that, though Wilson's position was "embarrassing" after his renomination on a platform featuring the slogan, "he kept us out of war," yet his utterances showed him constantly edging toward the position taken in the following year.

Knowing that everybody is curious about millionaires, Mr. Atwood[3] has talked and corresponded with many of the class in an attempt to get material that will feed this curiosity. He finds that millionaires, except for their superior talents in amassing wealth, are much like other folk. Among them are the modest and the vain, the simple and the ostentatious, the generous and the stingy, the upright and the base. It is quite probable, he admits, that personal peculiarities are greatly exaggerated in the rich; and he quotes, with a measure of approval, Mr. Edward N. Hurley's statement: "A certain number of people in this world seem born to make fools of themselves. If they happen to have money they make bigger fools of themselves than if they do not happen to have money, and that is about all there is to that." The saying opens up a profitable field for study, but the author does not follow it. His work is less an inquiry than an apology. He is concerned, in the main, not with studying

[3] The Mind of the Millionaire. By Albert W. Atwood. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

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the effects of great wealth on character and on society, but with justifying the ways of millionaires to other men. As a sociological study it is thus of small importance; but as a collection of facts, views, and incidents regarding the opulent it is something that may be read with interest.

With the realization that the writing of history in the United States "is not in a satisfactory state," the executive council of the American Historical Association a few years ago appointed a committee to investigate the subject and submit a report. Present-day history, in the view of the council, is often marked by a heaviness of style which makes it unpalatable to the general public, and the question arises if writers filled with the scientific spirit can be true to their purposes and yet write with a charm that will render their wares popular. The four papers in this collection [4] make up the committee's report. The fact that though the teaching of history has been enormously expanded and improved in the schools and colleges, yet the popular demand for histories has greatly declined, is variously explained. All the contributors believe, however, that much of the history now written is the work of men who have no sense of literary form. Students of history must be taught not only how to glean and compare facts, but how to write. "Somewhere between the minute dullness of the confirmed historical microscopist," writes Professor Abbott, "and the glittering generalities of the confirmed historical smatterer there lies a golden mean;" and it is this mean which all should seek. A little book, compact of wisdom, and worth anybody's reading a dozen times.

[4] The Writing of History. By Jean Jules Jusserand, Wilbur Cortez Abbott, Charles W. Colby and John Spencer Bassett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Fiction

THE SUN WOMAN. By J. W. Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

The author has heretofore told acceptably of his entry into the Blackfeet tribe of Indians, his marriage in the tribe, and the knowledge he gained of Indian customs in war and peace. Here he uses his experiences in fiction form; his "Sun Woman" is an Indian girl who longed to be a prophetess and woman-leader for her people. For her love contend a despicable white trader and his honest rival. The little book has distinct story interest and it also brings us strangely close into Indian life.

THE SCAMP. By Virgil Markham. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

A romantic tale of the days of English highwaymen and stage-coaches. The "scamp" of the story is a gentleman who is queerly enough accused of being his own murderer and is unable for a time to clear himself. He takes to the road, but is

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more like Robin Hood than Claude Duval—although he is known as Duval's Double. An old-time romance of mystery and adventure and treasure.

THE BLACK HUNTER. By James Oliver Curwood. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

Mr. Curwood now essays, for the first time, historical fiction, and chooses for his period Canada in the time of the French and Indian warfare. The story ends with the terrible slaughter of Braddock's English force in 1755 and the advance of Sir William Johnson up the Richelieu. As both French and English used the savage Indians as allies, and tolerated, if they did not encourage, scalping and burning at the stake, there is no lack of tragic material. The villainy, treachery, and licentiousness of François Bigot, then Intendant of New France, is also utilized to the full.

A personal story of love, estrangement, romance, and danger runs through the book, but to our mind the plot and pathos are less impressive than the historical and descriptive passages. The mysterious "Black Hunter," who appears and disappears, is hardly enough in the current of the tale to justify the title.

LAVINIA AND THE DEVIL. By Camilla York. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Lavinia, the blurb writer tells us, is "demure, exquisite, alluring;" the lady known as the Devil is "saucy, spicy, intriguing." Did Peter love one, or both, or neither? There is mystery in his enchantment; but, alas! when the reader gets the solution he simply doesn't believe it. As for the story itself, it has more of the saucy (not to say indecent) than the demure in the telling.

History

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Bernard Pares, Professor of Russian in the University of London. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $6.

Before this volume appeared there was much need of a history of Russia in English that should at once be in the highest degree authoritative, readable, and comprehensive without being too long. Voilà! the book required. Besides being profoundly scholarly, the volume is delightful reading; it is a long pull, but one regrets that it has to end. The following sentence will give an idea of the admirably philosophic attitude of the author: "It is at times difficult to distinguish the religious from the national; and, though the Church never did its duty in education or in provision for the public welfare, . . . Orthodoxy was itself the major part of Russian civilization, and has perhaps done more than anything else to shape the distinctive Russian consciousness."

Essays and Criticism

CONVERSATIONS WITH ANATOLE FRANCE. By Nicolas Ségur. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

UNDER THE ROSE. By Anatole France. Edited by Michel Corday. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

The death of a great man is the signal for the appearance of books dealing with every aspect of his life, from the qualities of his mind to the kind of breakfast food he preferred. Public curiosity in the merest details of the life of a genius is as natural as it is insatiable, and when their subject is so rich in material as was Anatole France these books are doubly welcome. Nicolas Ségur has given, through an interesting medium, a memorable picture of a man "with an immense pity for suffering humanity; of a great understanding of its passions and frailties; and the enemy of all its hypocrisies." Conversation between these two drifted anywhere from the divinities of ancient Greece to "Virginity in the City of the Future." A particularly interesting chapter tells of Jaurès's visit to Anatole France, and their discussion concerning the future welfare of the race. His comments on "desire and respect," "the emptiness of fame," and "the pain of living" are in the vein of irony so familiar to his readers. But the man who through life felt "the sense of tears in mortal things" was also a gay companion, and the book contains many of the stories and anecdotes so dear to the humor of Anatole France.

He inspired his disciples with a worship so sublime as to appear at times ridiculous, and a large portion of "Under the Rose" is taken up with the editor's defense of a man who surely needs no defender. Michel Corday has arranged and annotated every scrap of paper containing notes, however brief, on future work planned by Anatole France. Except for a significant chapter on "The Existence of God" and the satirical "Dialogue Concerning War," they are important principally as showing the manner in which France worked. The extent of his knowledge is astounding; the painstaking labor and constant revision of his notes are the marks of a great craftsman. His words, "Beauty sets time at defiance and though the matter be outworn, the form of its presentation, if beautiful, endures forever," are applicable to his own work.

Travel

PEKING TO LHASA. A Narrative of Journeys in the Chinese Empire made by the late Brigadier-General George Pereira. Compiled by Sir Francis Younghusband from Notes and Diaries supplied by Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira. With Maps and Illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Since the two French missionaries, Pères Huc and Gabet, blazed the trail in 1848 Pereira has been the first white man to attain Lhasa by way of China, arriving there in October, 1923. He left Peking in February, 1921, and traveled more than half the 6,600 miles on foot, though always accompanied by transport and at times by native military escorts. His observations are those of a professional soldier, meticulous in the measurements of elevations, mileage, and depths of rivers. Topographical features receive much attention, but no attempt is made to picture the country or interpret the genius of a little-known people. It is irritating to be told that he had quite an interesting conversation with the Dalai Lama and that he found him "very intelligent." In what respect he doesn't trouble to tell, and now we shall never know, for Pereira is dead. Handicapped by an injured spine and a game leg, to say nothing of his advanced years (he was approaching sixty), this man performed a truly remarkable feat that called for the last ounce of courage, constancy, and endurance. The last three chapters, essays composed by Pereira himself, deal with the present situation in China and suggest a solution for her difficulties.

Transportation

PEGASUS, OR PROBLEMS OF TRANSPORTATION. By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

A not unworthy addition to the brilliant "Today and Tomorrow Series." In the vision of Colonel Fuller, a British officer, the caterpillar tractor is destined to be the chief element in the solution of the double problem of developing the ten million square miles of sparsely populated and almost roadless territory in the British Empire and of inducing emigration from Great Britain to outlying parts of the Empire. Your roadless region has, say, one arterial railway—a precarious enterprise. Roadless vehicles will on a proper system more than triple the width of the belt served by the railway. The owners thereof grow rich and build another railway; and so on. The region thrives mightily and tempts immigration from the Old Country. Very interesting and convincing.

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Notes on New Books

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FOR YOUNG AMERICANS. By George William Gerwig. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

Text and history of the Declaration.

OUR TEMPLED HILLS. By Ralph A. Felton. Council of Women for Home Missions and Missionary Education Movement, New York. Cloth, $1; Paper, 60c.

Study of the church and rural life.

THAT YEAR AT LINCOLN HIGH. By Joseph Gollomb. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Reprint of a book for boys and girls.

THE GIST OF EVOLUTION. By Horatio Hackett Newman. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

By the Professor of Zoölogy in the University of Chicago.

SUMMER AT HALLOWDENE FARM. By Doris Pocock. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

A story for girls.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. Published by The American Foundation. 25c.

Brief references on International Law, giving the Constitutions of the Hague Tribunal and the League of Nations.

THE REFERENCE SHELF: CHILD LABOR. Compiled by Julia E. Johnsen. The H. W. Wilson Company, New York. 90c.

References for debaters.

THE ABUNDANT LIFE. By Benjamin Ide Wheeler. The University of California, Berkeley.

Writings and speeches of President Wheeler.

DAVY WINKLE IN CIRCUSLAND. By Edwin P. Norwood. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.75.

For boys and girls, seven to twelve.

SAPLINGS. The Scholastic Publishing Company, Pittsburgh.

Brief poems and essays by school-children.

THE MASTER-KEY TO THE APOCALYPSE. By Rev. W. F. Pelton. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London. 7s. 6d.

"A reply to the higher critics."

ORIGINS OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

New edition of a book first published in 1917.

EVOLUTION AND CREATION. By Sir Oliver Lodge. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

THE STANDARD OF AMERICAN SPEECH, AND OTHER PAPERS. By Fred Newton Scott. Allyn & Bacon, New York. $1.60.

Essays on language and literature by the Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Michigan.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH. By George B. Woods and Clarence Stratton. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.

MARY CHRISTMAS. By Mary Ellen Chase. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Fictitious story of an Armenian woman who made her way as a peddler in Maine.

CHILDREN OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By L. Lamprey. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

For boys and girls, ten to fourteen.

THE TILMAN MOVEMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA. By Francis Butler Simkins. The Duke University Press, Durham, N. C. $2.50.

History of that revolution in South Carolina which sent to the United States Senate the famous man with the pitchfork.

MONICA. By Samuel Valentine Cole. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $1.50.

A poem about the mother of St. Augustine.

REGIONAL SOCIOLOGY. By Radhakamal Mukerjee. The Century Company, New York. $3.

"An attempt to present sociology on the basis of a scientific classification of types and regions."

THE RACIAL CONFLICT IN TRANSYLVANIA. By John M. Cabot. The Beacon Press, Boston. $2.

THE ANNUNCIATION. By Charles H. Misner. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Devotional poems.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD. By Frank Walker Stevens. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

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An Investment Club at Work

THE recent article in these pages about an investment club has brought requests for more information. The idea attracts. We are therefore very glad to comply by giving in some detail the essential facts about the Associated Investors, an organization of about seventy-five business and professional men in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Its purpose is "the furtherance of the financial interests of its members both by the careful investing of the funds of the Club and by a thorough study into the fundamentals of sound investing." We gather that the organizing impulse was similar to that which forms civic associations and discussion groups of various kinds. We have seen a list of the members

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In addition to the usual officers with the usual duties, there is elected a board of three trustees with authority, under restrictions, to invest the funds of the Club. The *modus operandi* of the institution is so well described in the regulations that we print them here in full:

I. Regarding Fiscal Year

The fiscal year of The Associated Investors shall begin July 1st of each year and end June 30th of the following year.

II. Regarding Par Value of Shares

The shares of The Associated Investors shall have a par value of $120 and may be issued in fractional shares. Any member of the Club having made all twelve monthly membership payments of any fiscal year shall be entitled to receive one share issued in his name. Shares shall be issued in printed certificate form and shall not be valid unless bearing the signature of the President and the Treasurer or Secretary. The certificate shall be a negotiable instrument but shall not be transferable except to the Club or to any member of the Club, the body of said certificate to contain the following wording:

"This is to certify that ..... of ..... is the holder of .... shares of $120 par value of The Associated Investors of Springfield, Massachusetts, and is entitled to all the rights and privileges contained in the Constitution and By-laws of the Club."

III. Regarding Membership Payments

A Membership of this Club, as described in Article VII of the Constitution, shall consist of a monthly payment of $10 for initial members. All Membership payments for any year shall date from the beginning to the close of the Fiscal Year. Any new member coming into the Club after the first month of the Fiscal Year shall be required to make an initial payment of $10 each month already expired during the current fiscal year and in addition thereto an Appreciation Bonus equivalent to any excess of book value above the par value of the shares then issued and subscribed for. In case the book value is the same as, or less than, the par value, the incoming member shall pay on the basis of the par value.

IV. Regarding Fines for Delinquent Payments

Monthly membership payments shall be due and payable on the regular monthly meeting date of each month. Any member failing to make such payment within 24 hours of such date shall be considered delinquent and shall pay a fine of 50 cents per membership and 50 cents per month thereafter so long as such delinquency shall continue. Such fines shall constitute a charge against the membership to be paid before a paid-up share will be issued or to be deducted in case of liquidation before settlement with the member holding such membership.

V. Regarding Investment Fund

The Investment Fund of the Club shall be all funds paid into the treasury for investment purposes. This fund shall consist of all regular monthly membership payments, to which shall be added all profits and incomes from investments, all bonuses paid in for "accrued appreciation" on memberships subscribed after the beginning of the fiscal year and all fines for delinquencies.

VI. Regarding Book Value and Liquidation Value

In determining the Book Value of the Shares of The Associated Investors, the following procedure shall be observed. The investment holdings of the Club shall be figured at replacement value, which shall be the latest asking price quoted from reliable sources or at market if such asking quotations are not available. The book value of each share therefore, shall be the value of the investments of the club as set forth above, plus cash on hand in the Investment Fund and accounts receivable to the Investment Fund less amounts due on securities purchased, divided by the number of shares outstanding and subscribed. Delinquency fines, past due membership payments and all membership payments for the balance of the current fiscal year shall be construed as accounts receivable for this purpose.

In determining the liquidation value of the shares, the same procedure shall be observed as for determining the book value, except that investment holdings of the Club shall be figured at the bid price or quick liquidation value rather than replacement value.

VII. Regarding Yearly Adjustment of Shares

At the beginning of each Fiscal Year the outstanding and subscribed shares of The Associated Investors shall be called in and re-issued on the following basis:

By July 10 of each year, or upon the date of the regular July meeting, each member shall turn in to the treasurer for cancellation any and all shares of The Associated Investors held by him and shall receive therefor

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as many shares as are indicated by the book value on the preceding July 5th of the shares held by or paid for by him on that date divided by $120. Shares subscribed for and not yet fully paid shall be adjusted on the same basis and so issued when paid in full.

Illustration: John Doe owns 10 shares and has been paying on 5 more, on which two months' payments are still due. The book value of these shares on July 5 is $135 per share. The total book value of his 10 fully paid shares is $1,350, hence, he will receive 11¼ new shares for his 10 old ones. Likewise, he will receive 5⅝ shares instead of 5 when he completes the payments on the 5 shares he is carrying.

Frankly, this is one of the most interesting experiments of which we have heard for a long time. The Club is not merely academic. It discusses and threshes out things; it listens to papers. It is, moreover, designed to go beyond the purely theoretic and to try to make money by testing its theories with dollars. From the character of the membership, it is hard to foresee anything but success for it. W. L. S.

From Inquiring Readers

A READER in Idaho has inquired about the First Mortgage 5½s of the New York State Gas and Electric Corporation, due January 1, 1962. The corporation issuing these bonds was incorporated originally in 1852. As a result of mergers it is now combined with a large number of corporations and supplies light and power to some 38,500 consumers. It is linked, through a "super-power" contract with the Adirondack Power and Light Company. It is controlled by the Associated Gas and Electric Company. Its bonds are given a high investment rating.

FROM Chicago comes an inquiry about the Pickering Lumber Company First Mortgage 6s, due in 1946.

"The Pickering Lumber Company First Mortgage 6s," we answered, "are a new issue of a new corporation, which is a consolidation of several existing properties. We understand that the appraised value of property pledged as security is about $15,000,000, the issue being $7,500,000, and that during the last four years net earnings have been $1,200,000.

"The interest requirements, maximum, are $678,053. There are adequate sinking fund provisions.

"We feel that this bond will be entitled to an investment rating."

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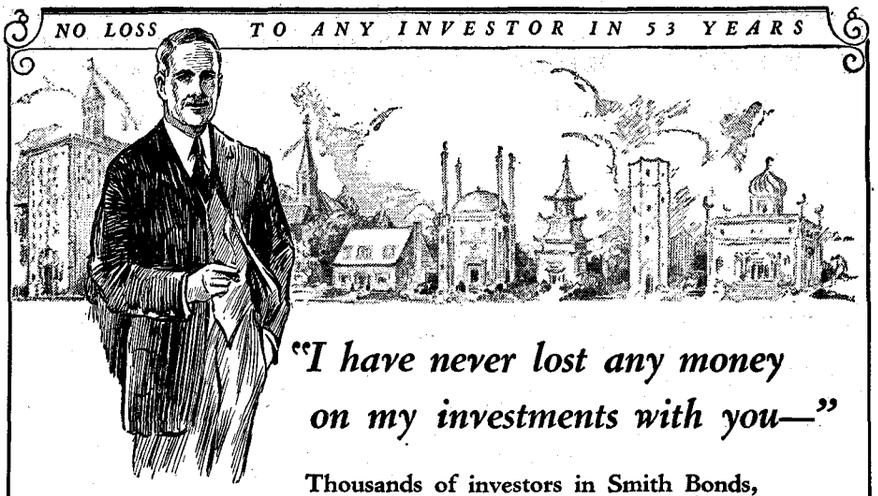

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Consider, then, this typical letter, received by The F. H. Smith Company from one of its investors:

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WANTED—A couple with old-fashioned ideas of helpfulness to take care of small family on North Shore of Long Island. The wife should be an excellent and economical cook; the husband a skillful gardener, able to drive car and willing to turn his hand to small jobs about the place. Comfortable home and considerate management waits the right couple. State in writing ages, length of service with previous family, also wages. 7,166, Outlook.

WORKING housekeeper wanted by business couple with one child, 6½ years. (Mrs.) E. D. Hotaling, 19828 Foothill Ave., Hollis, L.I.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AMERICAN middle-aged woman, Protestant, open for position early in September as companion-housekeeper to elderly lady; supervising housekeeper; housemother in school. References exchanged. C. B. W., Lock Box 748, Englewood, N. J.

COLLEGE woman, A.B., honors in English, thorough editorial training, some experience, wishes position with publishers of educational or general literature. 7,148, Outlook.

CULTURED young lady, holding best references and experienced in traveling, wishes position as companion to lady. Recent graduate of elocution school. 7,152, Outlook.

EDUCATED, experienced woman as governess and mother's assistant. 7,168, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER — American Protestant lady, refined, capable, experienced, son high school age, wishes position with adult family where woman not of servant type is needed. Highest credentials. Moderate salary. 7,162, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged woman, usually successful with young people and children, desires head position in small institution where home life can be fostered. 7,143, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

POSITION as companion or matron in a girls' school by a cultured middle-aged woman; pleasing personality and musical ability. References exchanged. 7,167, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse, specially trained by two of the most noted nerve specialists of the country, desires position as companion or housekeeper in a gentleman's winter home in the South, or will chaperon a young lady wishing to study or live abroad. Best Philadelphia references furnished. 7,160, Outlook.

REFINED woman of large experience desires position as dean or adviser of girls; supervisor of girls' dormitory or motherless home; hostess or assistant manager in hotel or sanitarium. L. L., 87 Circular St., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

SECRETARIAL position wanted by young woman who has had three years' experience as secretary in girls' boarding school. Can give good references. 7,158, Outlook.

STEWARD—Experienced working steward, reliable and efficient, desires position in country club or hotel; 8 seasons with a prominent Berkshire County hotel. For references and interview, 7,169, Outlook.

TO East and Near East woman, educated and traveled, would go as companion, representative, or writer. 7,165, Outlook.

WANTED—Woman with executive training and wide experience—position as managing housekeeper in institution; charge of high class apartment house; hostess; pastor's assistant; dietitian. Exceptional references. 7,170, Outlook.

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INTERESTING CAREER for bright women in advertising, sales-planning, and business writing. Am organizing special group for instruction by mail, beginning September. Text-books of college standard used. Only properly qualified subscribers accepted. If ambitious for business success, write for prospectus. No rainbows or princely salaries promised, but I have helped hundreds to qualify for highly responsible work. 25 years' business, writing, and educational experience. S. Roland Hall, advertising counselor and agent, 19 Center Square, Easton, Pa.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

COLLEGE couple (faculty) will care for private house or apartment, New York City or suburbs, in absence of owner or for an aged person or couple. "Responsible," 7,171, Outlook.

NURSE wishes semi-invalid boarders. Box 44, Grampian, Pa.

REAL home in country and intelligent care given child under five. Chany, Sharon, Mass.

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